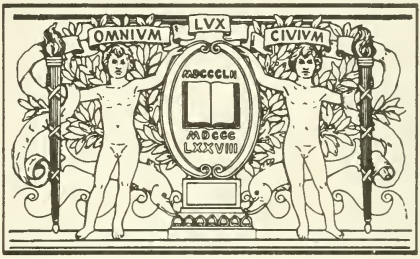
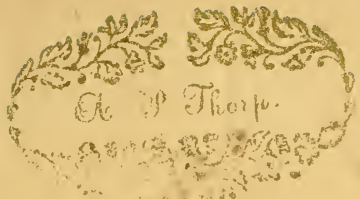


BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

5.00

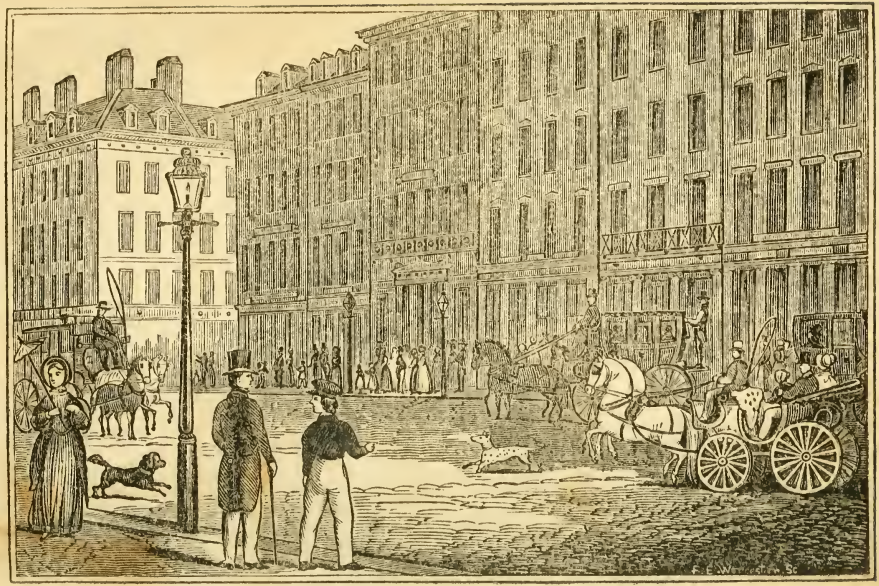


MARCO PAUL'S

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES

IN THE

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.



MARCO PAUL'S

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES

IN THE

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

CITY OF NEW YORK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

ROLLO, JONAS, AND LUCY BOOKS.

BOSTON:
BENJAMIN B. MUSSEY,
1845.

Jordan
PZ6
.A12 Man
1845y

Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1843,
BY T. H. CARTER,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

STEREOTYPED BY
GEORGE A. CURTIS,
N. ENGLAND TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY, BOSTON.

PREFACE.

The design of the series of volumes, which it is intended to issue under the general title of Marco Paul's Adventures in the Pursuit of Knowledge, is not merely to entertain the reader with a narrative of juvenile adventures, but also to communicate, in connexion with them, as extensive and varied information as possible, in respect to the geography, the scenery, the customs and the institutions of this country, as they present themselves to the observation of the little traveller, who makes his excursions under the guidance of an intelligent and well-informed companion, qualified to assist him in the acquisition of knowledge and in the formation of character. The author will endeavor to enliven his narrative, and to infuse into it elements of a salutary moral influence, by means of personal incidents befalling the actors in the story. These incidents are, of course, imaginary—but the reader may rely upon the strict and exact truth and fidelity of all the descriptions of places, institutions and scenes, which are brought before his mind in the progress of the narrative. Thus, though the author hopes that the readers, who may honor these volumes with their perusal, will be amused and interested by them, his design throughout will be to instruct rather than to entertain.

MARCO PAUL IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHECK.

One morning in August, a young man, named John Forester, was walking upon the sidewalk of a certain street in New York, called Nassau street. There were many people coming and going upon the sidewalk, and the street was almost filled with carts, drays and wagons. These vehicles increased in number, until Forester perceived that what is called a jam was formed a short distance before him, and the carts had to stop until a passage was cleared.

Forester was himself stopped too, by a great square pile of bricks, which had been heaped up upon the sidewalk, in front of a store which workmen were rebuilding. There was a high fence, which extended nearly to the middle of the sidewalk, enclosing the space that the workmen wanted to occupy, and outside of this was the great pile of bricks. Some Irishmen were at work with

hods, carrying the bricks in through a rough door which led within the enclosure. Thus Forester was prevented from going along the sidewalk any farther, and the jam of wagons and drays in the street prevented his crossing over to the other side.

He waited a few minutes for the passage to be cleared. Some of the teamsters vociferated to each other in loud and angry tones ; others stood still, waiting patiently and quietly till the opening should be made. Forester thought that these last were the wisest. There was a hack in the jam, with a gentleman in it, and a great black trunk upon the seat with the driver. The gentleman was going to the steamboat, and he was afraid that he should be too late. However, there was nothing to be done, but to wait till the carts moved along a little, one by one, and cleared a passage.

Near Forester stood two girls, one quite small, dressed in tattered clothes, and without any bonnets. They had been picking up chips and sticks around the building, to carry home for firewood. They had got a large bundle of sticks, and the largest girl had it upon her back. There was a strong twine string tied around it. The string passed over the girl's shoulder, and she held it in front. They were waiting for the crowd to pass away, so that they could go home too.

" Put it down, Mary," said the little girl ; " it is too heavy to hold so long."

" No," said Mary ; " I can't get it up again, if I put it down." So saying, she leaned over for

ward, in order to let the weight of the burden come more directly upon her back, while her sister looked anxiously into the street, wishing that the carts would move away.

"Mother will be glad we have got so many, won't she?" said the little girl.

By this time the jam had been broken, and a stream of carriages and carts was passing one way and the other, and in a few minutes the road was so far cleared that Forester thought he could get across; and as he pitied the poor girl who had such a load to carry, he told her to follow him immediately, and she would get across safely. She did so, and they all reached the opposite sidewalk without difficulty, though they had to pass close before the heads of a pair of horses, which were coming along so fast that they had to go quick to avoid being run over. As soon as they reached the sidewalk, the girl walked on with her burden, her little sister skipping lightly by her side. Forester, as he was going in the same direction, walked after them.

Presently two boys came across the street, and stepped upon the sidewalk, between Forester and the girls. Forester did not notice them particularly, until he observed that they were pointing at the girls and laughing at them. Immediately one of the boys took out a knife from his pocket, and saying to the others, "Hush! don't say a word," he ran forward, opening his knife as he advanced, and when he got close behind the girl

who had the bundle of sticks upon her back, he drew the edge of his knife across the string and cut it, and let the whole bundle fall to pieces, and all the sticks came down in confusion upon the sidewalk. The girl turned round suddenly, with an expression of terror and astonishment upon her countenance, and the boys ran down another street and went off laughing.

Forester glanced his eye at the boys as they ran away. One of them looked back over his shoulder as he ran, so that Forester saw his face. He was a fine-looking boy, with an open and expressive countenance.

"What a pity it is," said Forester to himself, "that such a handsome boy should be malicious." But his farther reflections on the subject were arrested by the distress of the girls. The little one began to cry. The other began to gather up her sticks again in silence.

"Don't cry, Liddy," said she. "I can tie them up again: only," she continued, after a few minutes, "my string is not long enough now."

Forester stopped before the girls, and speaking to the youngest one, he said,

"Is your name Liddy?"

"Yes, sir," replied Liddy.

"Well, take these two cents into the grocery there, and buy two cents' worth of good strong string."

Both Liddy and her sister looked at Forester with astonishment. Liddy did not take the money.

"Yes, Liddy," said the oldest girl, "take the money if the gentleman gives it to us."

So Liddy took the money and ran into the grocery. Forester said to her, as she went away,

"If two cents won't buy a string long enough, come to me and I will give you another cent."

While this conversation had been going on, many persons had passed by them upon the sidewalk, though nobody stopped to take any notice of them. In a moment Liddy returned, with a long piece of strong twine in one hand and one of the cents in the other. She handed it back to Forester, saying,

"One cent was enough, sir."

"Very well, you may keep the other, and buy something with it for you and your sister." And so saying, Forester walked on, thinking to himself that he never knew before that so much relief and happiness could be procured by the expenditure of two cents. He passed from Nassau street into Wall street, which was lined on both sides with magnificent buildings, occupied by banks and monied institutions of all kinds. In the windows of the brokers' offices he saw heaps of bank notes, of dollars and of doubloons; and young clerks were walking along the sidewalk, with little trunks full of money, which they were carrying to the banks where the money was to be deposited; and there were a great many merchants in the insurance offices and on 'change, making bargains, which involved the transfer of vast sums. Yet

Forester doubted, whether, among all the great financial transactions which would be concluded in Wall street that day, there would be a single operation more successful in its *character*, than his investment of his two cents,—though he did not doubt that there would be several which would exceed it in *amount*.

Forester went down Wall street into Pearl street, and immediately began to look at the numbers and at the signs placed over the doors of the great warehouses there. At last he went in at a door which had the words "Baron & Co." over the door. He passed through a spacious room, with boxes and bales of merchandise piled up upon the floor, and entered into a large counting-room in the rear, which had glass windows in the partitions around it. Here were several clerks, writing at high desks. He asked for Mr. Baron. One of the clerks showed him into another small room, adjoining. This room was carpeted and handsomely furnished, and it had a large mahogany table in the middle, with several arm-chairs near it. Mr. Baron was seated at the table, busy with some papers. There was another gentleman with him. When he saw Forester come in, he looked up from his work, and said,

"Ah! John, I am glad to see you. Take a seat a few minutes."

He pointed to one of the arm-chairs, and Forester took a seat. Mr. Baron and the other gentleman went on with their conversation, and pres-

ently another man came in, and then another, and another. Some only spoke a few words to Mr. Baron, and then went out. Others remained longer, and it was some time before Mr. Baron was at leisure. At length, however, he was left alone with Forester, and he turned to him and said,

"Well, John, you have come on then to take charge of Marco."

"Yes, sir," said Forester.

Mr. Baron had written to Forester, to say that he wished him to take his son Marco under his charge for a year or two, to superintend his education. Forester had accepted the proposal, and had now come to New York to conclude the arrangements.

"Our physician tells us," said Mr. Baron, "that Marco must not be sent to school; there are some symptoms of disease showing themselves, which would render it unsafe to put him under any rigid system of study and instruction. He might study books to some extent, but it is necessary to have him under the charge of some one who can exercise proper discretion in this respect; and he must learn as much as he can by travelling and observation, and by the conversation of his instructor. Now," continued Mr. Baron, "I want you to take charge of him, while you are pursuing your professional studies. You may take him where you please, and direct his studies just as you think best. We have entire confidence that you will do the best that can be done."

Mr. Baron and Forester then had some conversation in respect to the nature of the symptoms which the physician had observed, and the precautions which it was necessary to take, and the dangers against which he would have to guard. This conversation was at length interrupted by a clerk, who came in with two letters for Mr. Baron to read and sign. The letters were short, and Mr. Baron, after running his eye over them, signed them, and gave them to the clerk again. He apologized to Forester for so many interruptions, saying it was packet day, and he was consequently very busy. He meant by that, that it was the day on which the regular packet sailed for Liverpool, and he was busy making up his correspondence and his remittances. However, he explained more fully his views in regard to his son, saying, finally, that he wished him to take the boy entirely under his charge, and pursue just such a course with him as he thought best.

"We have entire confidence in you, John," said he. "You may travel with him where you please, and do what you please. When you get out of funds, let me know,—and send me in an account once a quarter."

"When do you wish him to go?" said Forester.

"To-morrow," said Mr. Baron, "if you please. The city is no place for the boy, and I don't desire him to stay here another day. He cannot go to school, and so he is about the streets, in mischief, for aught I know, half the time. His mother is

very anxious about him,—but she cannot keep him at home, because he is a noisy and troublesome boy in the house. But you will come and dine with us to-day, and then we will talk about this business."

"Yes, sir, I will," said Forester.

"Half past three," said Mr. Baron. "And I'll give you a memorandum of the number of my house. I suppose you are not much acquainted in New York. We have moved since you were here before."

So Mr. Baron wrote a memorandum of the street and number, where he lived, and handed it to Forester; and as he was putting it into his wallet, Mr. Baron said to him again,

"And, if you will wait one moment, I will give you a check for some funds, as you may want to set off to-morrow before bank hours."

"James!" said Mr. Baron, calling to a clerk in the other room. The door was open, and James heard the call, and came in.

"Fill a check for three hundred dollars."

James went to his desk, and presently returned with a narrow slip of paper, with some printing and some writing upon it. Mr. Baron signed it, and handed it to his nephew.

"Do you know where the Bank of America is?"

"I can find it, sir," said Forester.

So Forester put the check in his pocket-book, bade his uncle good-by, and went away. As he was walking up the street, he opened his check

to read it. It must be understood that the merchants in New York do not keep their money themselves in their own stores, but they all keep it in some bank or other. Each merchant chooses such a bank as he prefers. All the money he gets he sends to his bank, and they keep it for him. The banks have little rooms, built of stone, very strong, with great iron doors, and enormous locks upon them, where they can keep money very safely. When the merchants want any of their money again, they write upon a paper a request that the bank will pay it. Such a request, that the bank will pay back some of the money which the merchant has deposited there, is called a check. Mr. Baron kept his money in the Bank of America, and this check was a request that the Bank of America would pay the man that carried them the check, three hundred dollars.

Forester saw that there was printed across the top of the check the words, in capitals,

BANK OF AMERICA.

Then below, he read, partly in printed and partly in written letters, "Pay the bearer, on demand, three hundred dollars;" and below this was signed Mr. Baron's name.

By the "bearer" is meant the person who carries, or bears the check to the bank, whoever it may be. "On demand" means whenever he calls for it. So that the meaning of the check is,

Bank of America: I wish you to pay to the person who brings you this paper, three hundred dollars whenever he asks for it.

Forester carried his check to the Bank of America, and laid it down upon the counter. There were a great many other persons going and coming, in and out of the bank. Some were bringing in money, and some were taking it away. Forester laid his check down upon the counter, and the officer of the bank opened a great drawer, which had many divisions in it, and took out three hundred-dollar bills. Forester asked him if he would let him have one hundred of the amount in small bills, as he wanted it for travelling; and the officer did so. He took back one of the large bills and put it into the drawer again; and then, out of another of the divisions of the drawer, he took out a parcel of bills, and counted out five *tens*, and then from another division still he took another parcel and counted out ten *fives*. Forester put all the money in his pocket-book, and went away.

Two hours afterwards, when it was about three o'clock, he got into an omnibus in Broadway, and rode two miles up town to Mr. Baron's house, to dine; as will be more particularly described in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

THE OMNIBUS.

At three o'clock, which was half an hour before the hour of dinner at Mr. Baron's, Forester went into Broadway, and began to look for an omnibus which was going to that part of the city where Mr. Baron lived. Broadway was full of coaches, carriages, omnibuses and cabs, some drawn by four horses, some by two, and some by one. The sidewalks, too, which were very broad, were filled with ladies and gentlemen, walking up and down, some sauntering slowly, as if at leisure; some hurrying along with anxious looks, and others standing upon the edge of the sidewalk, waiting for the approach of the omnibus they wanted, or for an opportunity to cross the street through some momentary interval in the stream of carriages.

Presently Forester made a signal to the driver of an omnibus which was coming along, and the driver came up to the sidewalk where he was standing. The omnibus was a square sort of carriage, with a door and steps behind. It was painted of gay colors, and it had a row of windows on each side, and the name of the part of

the city where it was going was painted in capitals in a line along the upper edge, above the windows. Forester got in at the door behind and took his seat. There were two seats which passed up and down the carriage at the sides, so that those who sat upon them would face each other. There was a woman in the omnibus, with a parcel in her lap, containing something which she had been buying at the shops. She had two boys with her, who sat one on each side of her. Forester passed by them, and took his seat at the head of the omnibus, in one corner. There were two small windows in the front of the omnibus, one on each side; and Forester could look out of the one which was opposite to his seat, and see very far up Broadway, in the direction in which they were going. The street was very wide and perfectly straight, and was filled with vehicles and passengers of every kind, as far as he could see, which was one or two miles.

Forester sat for some time in his corner, watching the ever-varying prospect before him, fanned all the time by the gentle summer breeze which came in at the window, when suddenly, as he happened to look towards the door of the omnibus, he saw a handsome-looking boy running behind, and just in the act of catching hold of the small brass hand-rail on one side of the omnibus steps, made for persons to take hold of to help themselves in getting into the omnibus. The boy jumped up on the steps, peeping up at the same

time at the driver, as if he was afraid the driver would see him. Forester was convinced, by his appearance, that he had got on for the purpose of stealing a ride. He remained standing upon the steps, steadying himself by keeping hold of the hand-rail. A few minutes after this, the omnibus stopped to take in another passenger; and then the boy, with a dexterity which implied that he was well accustomed to such manœuvres, jumped off and walked along behind with an unconcerned and indifferent air. As soon, however, as the new passenger was in his seat and the horses began to move forward, he ran and leaped upon the steps again, watching the driver all the time through a round hole in the front of the omnibus, made for the passengers to put their money through to pay for their rides.

Forester thought that the countenance of the boy was not altogether new to him, and soon he recollected that he was the very boy that he had noticed in Nassau street, as the one who had cut the string of the poor girl's bundle of wood. Forester immediately made up his mind that he must be a very bad boy, and he had a great mind to tell the driver about his stealing a ride.

While such thoughts were passing through his mind, the woman whom he found in the omnibus when he first got in, reached up her hand to a leather string, which passed along the top of the omnibus, and pulled it. The string was secured at one end to a fixed point over the omnibus door,

and passing along overhead, supported at intervals by little brass staples, it went out in front, and was fastened at the other end to a little pedal, on which one of the driver's feet rested,—so that by pulling the string, a signal was made to the driver to stop; and as the string extended through the whole length of the omnibus, it was convenient for any persons to pull it, wherever they might be seated,—for some part of the string was, of course, opposite to them.

The driver stopped as soon as he perceived the pressure of the pedal against his foot, and the woman was going to pass her money to him up through the round hole made for the purpose. As, however, it was too far for her to reach, Forester took her money and passed it up for her into the driver's hand, which was held all ready to receive it. The driver gave back two little red tickets with something printed upon them. When a passenger in an omnibus gives a piece of money which is too much to pay for the ride, the driver gives back sometimes the change, and sometimes some tickets, which he will take again to pay for rides on future days, and so they are just as good to the passengers as money.

Now it happened that when the woman got out from the omnibus, after receiving her tickets, that, in her hurry to get her children safe from the omnibus to the sidewalk, she dropped one of her tickets. It fell upon the flat stone pavement of the sidewalk, just within the curb-stone which

forms the edge of it. No one in the omnibus saw this except Forester, who was seated at the upper corner, and was at this time partly turned, so as to bring his back somewhat towards the driver, and his face towards the door of the omnibus,—and through the door, or one of the windows, he saw the ticket fall, and the woman and children walking on without it. The omnibus had, in the meantime, set out again, and the horses were rapidly trotting away up the street, so that Forester could do nothing in the case unless he should stop the omnibus and run after the woman. This he thought would make more trouble than the ticket was worth.

Just as this thought was passing through his mind, he saw the boy who had been riding on the steps, jump off from them and run towards the ticket. Forester supposed that he was going to get it and keep it for himself; but instead of that he picked it up and ran on after the woman, calling out to her that she had lost her ticket. There were not many persons on the sidewalk in that part of the city, nor many carriages passing at this time in the street, so that the woman heard him and turned round. Forester saw that he handed the woman her ticket, and then, without stopping an instant, he turned round and ran back, endeavoring to regain the coach again.

The omnibus had, however, by this time gone on so far, and was proceeding so fast, that it seemed very doubtful whether the boy could overtake it

again. Forester was very sorry. "He 'll lose his ride," thought he, "in consequence of that act of honesty and kindness." Forester put his hand up to pull the string for the driver to stop, so that the boy might get up to the steps again,—but then in an instant he reflected that he had no right to help that boy to steal a ride. Besides, he thought that if he should stop the omnibus, the boy would not come and get on in an open manner, but would probably stop running and remain where he was, or only walk along slowly, for fear that the driver would look around and see him.

Forester, therefore, did nothing. He, however, watched the boy with great interest, and could not help hoping that he would succeed in overtaking the omnibus; but it soon became very evident that he would not, for the distance was plainly increasing between them, and in a few minutes the boy stopped running, and began to walk along the sidewalk like any of the other foot passengers.

Just at this time Forester caught a glimpse of a little sign over the windows of a large brick house, which stood on the corner of a street that led off from Broadway. The words "Fourth Street" were printed on the sign. Forester remembered that it was near Fourth street, that he was directed to stop, in going to Mr. Baron's house. So he pulled the string, and when the driver had reined up his horses, he handed up his money through the round hole. While he was waiting for the driver to give him back the tickets

or the change, he could not help thinking that the boy would have an opportunity to run and overtake the omnibus again. He could, however, hardly tell whether he ought to be glad or sorry for this. On the one hand, he did not like to have the boy lose his ride on account of his act of honesty and kindness; but then, on the other hand, he thought he ought not to wish success to any attempt to get a ride without paying for it; for this he could not but consider a species of fraud.

Forester was, however, saved the necessity of deciding the question, for, on descending the steps of the omnibus, after he had settled his business with the driver, he saw the boy walking leisurely along upon the sidewalk, nearly opposite to him, and evidently having no desire to regain his place upon the steps again.

"Perhaps he has reflected," thought Forester, "that it is not right to ride without paying, and has determined not to do so any more."

The boy walked along, and Forester followed him, both going up the street, while the omnibus drove rapidly on, carrying the remaining passengers to their several destinations.

This is a strange boy, thought Forester. Malicious in Nassau street, and kind and obliging in Broadway. A rogue against the drivers of the omnibus, and yet honest towards the passengers. I mean to go and speak to him. I 'll ask him my way,—and it is an even chance whether he directs

me right to do me a kindness, or wrong to make mischief and trouble. So Forester walked on until he had overtaken the boy, and then asked him if he would be good enough to tell him the way to Waverly Place.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, in a frank and open manner. "I 'm going right there, and I 'll show you."

So Forester and the boy walked along together

CHAPTER III.

LILLIE.

Forester and the boy walked along together. They crossed Broadway, and very soon turned off into a magnificent street, which led out of it, towards the North River. There were ranges of very lofty brick houses on each side of the street, with massive flights of steps leading to the front doors, guarded on each side with ornamented balustrades of iron.

"There, sir," said the boy, "this is Waverly Place."

"I am much obliged to you," said Forester; and he turned into the street which had thus been pointed out to him. The boy turned into the street too.

"O, you are going here yourself, then," said Forester.

"Yes, sir," answered his little companion; "I live here."

"I was very glad to see you carry the woman her ticket," said Forester. "Some boys would have kept it."

"What for, sir?" said the boy.

"Why, so as to get a ride with it, coming up Broadway some day."

"I can get rides enough without tickets," replied the boy.

"But I should think," replied Forester, "that you would prefer to have a ticket, and then you could get in and sit quietly at your ease."

"No, sir," said the boy, "I do'nt care anything about that."

While this conversation had been going on, Forester had carefully looked at the doors of all the houses which he passed, in order to find the number to which he had been directed; and just at this time, as he looked up to the door which he happened now to be passing, he saw, in black letters, on a square brass plate, the word "BARON" painted. He immediately turned and began to ascend the steps. To his surprise the boy followed him.

"Why, do you live in this house?" said Forester, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"This is n't Marco, is it?" said Forester.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Why, Marco," said Forester, extending his hand to him; "I did n't know you. How you have grown. Do you remember your cousin Forester?"

Marco took his cousin's hand in a cordial and friendly manner, and smiled as if he was pleased to see him. Forester was just going to ring the

bell, but Marco took a little key out of his pocket and opened the door. He invited his cousin in, in a very polite and gentlemanly manner, and ushered him into a parlor.

The parlor was in the back part of the house, and looked out into a little garden by two windows, which extended down to the floor. The room was large, and well filled with rich furniture. Marco invited his cousin to take a seat upon one of the sofas, while he went to find his mother.

Forester seated himself upon the sofa, and while he was doing so, his attention was attracted by the voice of a child singing. The sound appeared to come in through one of the open windows at the back side of the room. The tones of the voice were very sweet and musical, and Forester listened to hear the sound. Marco went on immediately to the back part of the room, and there opened a door which led into an adjoining apartment, and as soon as the door was opened, Forester could hear the sound of the voice more distinctly. The truth was, the child who was singing was seated at a door of the apartment that Marco went into, which led out to the garden. There was a little piazza over this door, outside. The floor of the piazza was a marble pavement. The stones were square, of blue and white marble, placed alternately, so that the pavement had the appearance of a checker-board. The child, whose voice Forester had heard, was sitting in the door-

way, looking out upon the pavement and the garden; and thus the sound of her voice could come in through the windows of the parlor, to the sofa where Forester was sitting, and more directly and distinctly still, through the door, when Marco opened it. Marco left the door open, and so his cousin Forester could hear the conversation which took place between him and the little girl.

"Lillie," said Marco, "what are you doing?"

"I 'm singing my kitten to sleep," replied the same pleasant voice which Forester had heard before.

"Your kitten?" repeated Marco.

"Yes," replied Lillie; "and you must not make a noise; you 'll disturb her."

"Cousin Forester is in the parlor," said Marco.

"Cousin Forester!" repeated Lillie. "I did n't know I had any cousin Forester."

"Yes," rejoined Marco, "he is in the parlor, on the sofa."

"I mean to go and see him," said Lillie. A moment afterwards, Forester saw the figure of a beautiful little girl, with a kitten in her arms, standing at the door.

"Ah! come and see me," said Forester, extending his hand towards the child.

She remained motionless, afraid, apparently, to accept such an invitation from a stranger.

"Is your name Lillie?" said Forester.

"Yes, sir," said Lillie.

"Well, I am your cousin Forester. Come and show me your kitten."

So Lillie walked across the room to Forester, and while he looked at the kitten and patted her on the head, Lillie gazed very intently upon him.

"It is a very pretty kitten," said Forester. "Hav n't you anything else to show me!"

"Yes, sir," said Lillie; "if you will come with me, I will show you my monstrous great grandfather."

"Why, Lillie," said Forester, "what do you mean by that?"

"Come and I 'll show you," said Lillie; and she took him by the hand and began to pull, to induce him to get up and go with her. Forester accordingly followed where she led; and she conducted him through a pair of large folding-doors, which she opened into another parlor adjoining the one where Forester had been sitting; and there, hanging upon the wall in the corner, Lillie pointed to a picture of a venerable old man, dressed in clothes of a very ancient fashion.

"That is he," said Lillie.

"I don't see that he is so very great," said Forester.

"Well, he was when he was alive. Marco told me so."

Marco, having heard their voices, came in through the parlor where Forester had been sitting, and as he approached, he heard these remarks,

and exclaimed at once, "No, Lillie, I told you it was your great, great, great grandfather."

"Well," said Lillie, "I thought you meant he was monstrous great."

Marco burst into a fit of laughter at this mistake, and left the room, Lillie following him and telling him he should n't laugh at her. Forester being now left alone, returned through the folding-doors, shut them, and took his seat on the sofa again.

He could hear Marco and Lillie in conversation in the other room. Forester judged that Lillie had given up the plan of rocking her kitten to sleep, as she seemed to be playing around the room with Marco. At last Forester heard her say to Marco, that she had been studying a geography lesson that morning, and she meant to get her book and ask him the questions. After a short pause, during which Forester heard a sound as of the turning over of leaves, Lillie began her questions, by reading in a very slow and hesitating voice, stopping now and then to spell a word, as follows:

"Describe the course—of the river—W-o-l, Wol, Wolga, the river Wolga."

"The river Wolga," said Marco, "rises among the mountains, and runs *down*, generally, between banks and villages, and at last it empties into the sea."

Lillie's mind was too intent upon her own task of asking the questions properly, to pay much attention to Marco's answers. As long as he an-

swered promptly and fluently, she was willing to take it for granted that the answer was correct.

"Describe the city of Mos—cow," said Lillie.

"The city of Moscow," said Marco, "is on the land somewhere, and it has houses and churches along the streets; and it is all full of inhabitants."

A momentary doubt seemed to pass over Lillie's mind, at this answer. She raised her eyes from her book and looked at Marco, though Forester of course could not see this action. But as Marco's countenance appeared grave and immovable, she looked down upon her book again, and, after feeling about for a moment with her finger, to find her place, she read the next question.

"In what part of Russia are the Ural Mountains?"

"Away up in the upper part," said Marco, "above all the rest of the land. And the coal mines, if there are any, are down at the bottom."

Lillie raised her eyes from her book, looked at Marco, and said, "Is that right, Marco?"

Marco did not answer, but a faint semblance of a smile seemed to be hovering about the corners of his mouth.

"I don't believe that is right, Marco," said Lillie. "There is not anything about any coal mines here. I don't believe that is right."

Just at this moment the farther progress of the recitation was interrupted by the loud ringing of the door-bell, and by Marco's exclaiming in consequence,

"There! there goes the door-bell! Mother is coming."

CHAPTER IV.

MARCO'S MOTHER.

Immediately succeeding these words of Marco, Forester heard the footsteps of a servant, passing along the entry to open the door, and then there was a sound of movement in the entry, as if some person had come in. He heard also a lady's voice, saying, in a pleasant tone, but yet in one that seemed to denote some anxiety,

"Has Marco come home yet, Washington?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the answer.

"Where is he?" asked the lady.

"He is in the breakfast-room, I believe, with Miss Elizabeth."

"Miss Elizabeth!" thought Forester to himself. "Who can Miss Elizabeth be?"

Mrs. Baron,—for Forester knew very well that this must be Mrs. Baron,—walked through the long entry, and went into the room where Marco and Lillie were playing; and, as the door was open, Forester could not help hearing the conversation which ensued.

"Why, Marco," said the lady, "where have you been all this time? I said you might be gone an hour, and you 've been gone all the morning."

"Oh, no, mother," said Marco; "I got home some time ago."

"But where have you been? You promised me you would only go out on the square. Have n't you been off somewhere else?"

"No, mother," said Marco.

Forester was much shocked to hear Marco tell his mother that he had not been away, when he had himself seen him away down in Nassau street. And he began to feel uneasy at his own position,—that of an involuntary listener to a private conversation of this kind. He, however, did not know what to do. He did not know how to let Mrs. Baron know that he was in the parlor. It would not be proper for him to go into the breakfast-room, nor to get up and go and shut the door.

"But, Marco," said his mother, "I went all around the square when I went out, and I could not see you there anywhere."

"I must have been there somewhere," said Marco.

"It is very strange I did not see you," said his mother.

"Mother," said Marco, "cousin Forester is in the parlor; had n't you better go in and see him?"

"Cousin Forester!" replied the lady; "when did he come?"

In the midst of Marco's answer to this question, Forester saw the door which led from the parlor to the breakfast-room open wider, and a very handsomely dressed lady appeared, with her bon-

net on, and a parasol in her hand. She walked across the room and gave her hand to Forester, and said that she was very glad to see him.

"And Mr. Baron invited you to dine with us to-day, I presume," said the lady.

"Yes, he did," replied Forester.

"Now how unfortunate it is," said the lady, "that we 're both engaged to dine out to-day. Mr. Baron forgot all about it, I dare say, his head is so full of business. How could he be so careless?"

"Never mind," said Forester, "never mind; I 'll stay and dine with the children. It will give me a better opportunity to become acquainted with my young friend Marco."

"Oh, yes, Marco," replied Mrs. Baron; "you 're going to take him, are you not?"

"Yes," said Forester; "I have just concluded the arrangements with Mr. Baron."

During this conversation, Mrs. Baron had walked towards a circular table, with a very handsome marble top, which stood in the middle of the room. Such a table is called a centre-table. Upon the middle of the centre-table was a tall lamp, surmounted with a cut-glass shade, of splendid workmanship. There were several large books, bound in morocco and highly gilded, lying upon the table, with various other articles, and among them a little alabaster cup or vase, supported upon a pedestal of black marble. Several visiting cards were lying in the vase. Mrs. Baron began to

look at the cards, to see who had called to see her that morning. For it is the custom in cities, that, when persons call to see a lady and find that she is not at home, they leave a little card with their name upon it, so that the lady may know, when she returns, who her visitors have been.

"I feel *so* relieved," said Mrs. Baron, as she was looking over the cards, "to think that you are going to take Marco. He is a constant anxiety to me. We have done everything we could to find a good school for him, but he gets into difficulty everywhere.—Mrs. General Sumner!" she exclaimed, reading a name from a card; "now how sorry I am, I was out when she called. Mrs. Williams. Mrs. John Murray. It is such a pleasant day, everybody is out calling.—When did you come in town, cousin Forester?"

"I arrived in the boat this morning," replied Forester.

"You had a good passage, I hope,—it was such a pleasant night. I noticed there was a fine moon."

"Yes," replied Forester, "we had a moon the latter part of the night."

"Why, I don't think it was much after midnight, if any, when I came home. I came home in very good season last night. But now I must go and dress for dinner. They dine at half past four, where we are going, and I've only an hour. You'll excuse me, won't you, cousin?"

"Certainly," said Forester.

"You 'll have all the better opportunity to become acquainted with Marco, as you say. I really hope you 'll be able to make something of him. I 'm convinced he is capable of making something,—if we can only find somebody who knows how to manage him."

So saying, Mrs. Baron drew out a beautiful watch, which was attached to a very slender and delicate gold chain which passed around her neck, to see precisely what time it was; and then, telling Forester that she should expect to find him there that evening when she returned, she bade him good morning, and went away.

After dinner that day, Forester had some conversation with Marco, sitting upon a sort of sofa called an ottoman, which was near the window in the breakfast room, where Lillie had been rocking her kitten to sleep, when Forester first came into the house. Forester asked Marco how he liked the idea of going away with him.

"Oh, pretty well, sir," said Marco. "I 'm tired of staying in this city. I like the country a great deal the best. Where shall we go first?"

"To Vermont, I think," said Forester.

"What sort of a place is Vermont?" said Marco.

"Vermont is a state," replied Forester, "not any one particular place. But there are a great many very pleasant places in it, among the Green Mountains and along the Lake."

"What lake, sir?" said Marco.

"Lake Champlain," replied Forester. "There is a lake, called Lake Champlain, which extends along the western side of Vermont, and there are a great many beautiful places on the shores of it."

"Shall we go there?" said Marco.

"Yes," replied Forester.

"Can I go a fishing on the lake?"

"Have you a fishing-line?" asked Forester.

"Oh, yes," said Marco, "plenty of them, and a fishing-pole which will all shut up into a cane,—so long;" and here Marco extended his hands, holding them at a proper distance apart, to show his cousin into what a narrow compass his pole would shut up.

"Only my pole is broken," said Marco.

"Yes," said Lillie, "you broke it whipping your horse."

"Your horse," repeated Forester.

"Yes," replied Marco, "she means my rocking-horse. If you will come with me, I'll go and show it to you."

So Marco led his cousin out the window, which, as has already been stated, opened down to the floor. From the window they came upon the marble platform, which has already been mentioned, and from that into a small garden. This garden was very small indeed, being rather a court-yard than a garden. It was bordered on two sides by the house, and on the other two by a high brick wall. There was a border all around the sides, planted with peach and pear trees, and a

few flowers; and the walls all around were covered with grape vines, which were trained against them. In the middle was a little green plat of ground, mowed very close and smooth.

"Oh, what grape vines!" said Forester. "I wish grapes would grow in Vermont."

"Won't they?" asked Marco.

"No," replied Forester; "the climate is not warm enough for them to ripen well. Vermont is farther north than New York city."

By this time Marco had led the way to a door which led from the little court-yard or garden into a part of the house which appeared to be beyond the kitchen. They passed through a passage-way which conducted them at length to a room, which Marco said was a play-room. There were a great many things in it, but they were all in disorder. In one corner was a small carriage, made of basket-work, with one wheel off; and tumbled over upon it was Marco's rocking-horse, which appeared to be sadly out of repair. It looked much defaced by hard usage. Both ears were gone, and one of the stirrups; and the rocker on one side was loose at its junction with the hind foot of the horse.

"Here he is," said Marco, seizing hold of the horse by the mane. "Come out here, old Jupiter."

"Is his name Jupiter?" said Forester.

"Yes," replied Marco; and he pulled his horse out in a very rough manner, so that Forester could see it.

"It seems to me you don't take very good care of your horse, Marco," said Forester.

"Why, I don't care anything about him now," said Marco. "I wish I had a real horse to ride. Could'nt you let me have a horse to ride when we get to Vermont?"

"Why, perhaps so," said Forester. "Did you ever learn to ride?"

"No, sir," said Marco, "but mother said I might go to a riding-school some time. There is one over in the Bowery."

The Bowery is the name of a celebrated street in New York, very wide, and lined on each side with shops, stores, and public buildings of all kinds, for one or two miles.

"However," said Marco, "if you will promise to let me ride in Vermont, it will be all the same thing."

"I don't know about promising," said Forester. "I think I had better keep the riding for a consideration, in case I should want to make any bargains with you for anything."

"For a consideration?" inquired Marco;—"how?"

"Why, in case I should want to get you to agree to do anything for me, I can make the riding the consideration; that is, I can say, if you will do such a thing for me, I will let you ride so many times,—and so on."

"Well," said Marco, "and what do you want me to do for you?"

"O, I don't know now. I have not anything particularly in mind now, but I probably shall have, and I will keep the riding in reserve, to make use of when I have occasion to want you to do anything."

"Well," said Marco, "I 'll do it, whatever it is, if you 'll only promise to let me ride."

Forester had some farther conversation with Marco and Lillie, and then they went into the house again. At length Mrs. Baron returned home, and Forester soon after went away. Before he left the house, however, it was agreed that Marco was to go down and take tea with him at his hotel, and after tea to go and take a walk. The hotel where Forester lodged was called the Atlantic hotel, and was situated at the foot of Broadway.

CHAPTER V.

CAPACITY.

If any of the readers of this book will look upon a map on which the state of New York is delineated, they will see that the city of New York is situated near the mouth of the Hudson river. It is in fact on the lower end of an island more than twelve miles long. The Hudson river flows upon one side of this island, the East river, which comes in from Long Island Sound, is upon the other; and then up at the upper end of the island there is a smaller river, called the Harlem river, which flows across from the North river to the East river, and completes the insulation of the tract of land on which New York city is built.

This island is more than twelve miles long, and not far from two miles wide, so that it is very large,—much larger than is necessary for the city.

The city is built upon the lower end of it, and extends up but about three or four miles, so that only about one third of the island is yet covered with streets and buildings. The rest of the island, that is, the upper part, consists of wide fields and tracts of waste and desolate-looking land, through

which lie several great dusty roads, which lead down to the city.

The lower point of the island where the city is built, is towards the ocean, but it does not extend out so far as to be exposed to the open sea. There is a sheet of sheltered and protected water just below the place where the Hudson river and the East river come together, at the lower point of the island of New York, which is called New York harbor. It is protected by large and small islands which lie along the coast at this place.

There is Long Island on one side and Staten Island on the other, and several smaller islands in front; and between these islands and around the mouths of the Hudson river and the East river, are many places where the water is deep, and yet sheltered by surrounding land, so that ships can lie there at anchor in safety. This is one of the principal reasons why so large a city has been gradually growing up at this place,—because it is so convenient a place for the great ships to come with their cargoes of merchandise from foreign countries. Here they are unladen, and their cargoes are conveyed in smaller vessels up the Hudson river and the East river, and thence by canals and railroads, they go all over the country.

These deep places about the mouths of the Hudson river and the East river, are kept deep all the time by the washing of the tides. For these rivers, like all other rivers, bring down every

year a great quantity of sand, gravel and mud, which would be deposited at their mouths, and gradually choke up the entrances, were it not that the tide, rising and falling every day, alternately pours in and draws out a great quantity of water, which washes out all the channels and entrances and keeps them from becoming obstructed.

The Hudson river, though called the Hudson in books, is known more generally by the name of the North river in common conversation in and around New York, because it comes down towards the city from the north. The shore of the river, as far as the city extends, is lined with docks and piers, where ships, sloops and steamboats without number, lie while loading and unloading. It is the same with the East river on the other side of the city. Between them the great street called Broadway passes up and down the island, through the very heart of the city, with a great many other streets passing off from it at right angles, towards the North river on one side, and towards the East river on the other. The house where Mr. Baron lived, was away up Broadway, nearly two miles; and the Atlantic hotel, where Forester was going, was down at the lower end of Broadway, near the extremity of the island, where the North river and the East river flow together; so that in passing down from Mr. Baron's house to the hotel, they were to go along Broadway for two miles, through the very heart of the city.

As they issued from Waverly Place, they turned into Broadway, and began to walk upon the broad stone sidewalk towards the hotel. Presently an omnibus came along, and the driver seeing Forester and Marco walking slowly, thought that, perhaps, they would want to ride; and so he drove his omnibus over towards that side of the street. Forester looked around, and when he saw the omnibus, he asked Marco whether he would rather ride or walk. Marco said he did not care which. So Forester shook his head, as a signal to the omnibus driver, and they walked.

"Well, Marco," said Forester, "now you are going to be my scholar for some time, and I should like to know something about your studies. Have you been at school much?"

"Yes, sir," replied Marco; "I have been to a great many different schools."

"And what have you studied?" asked Forester.

"Why, arithmetic and French, and—and—I began Latin once—and geography."

"And which of your studies did you like the best?"

"I don't know, sir," said Marco.

"How do you like arithmetic?"

"I don't like arithmetic at all," said Marco; "I never could understand it."

"There is one thing peculiar about arithmetic, and all mathematical studies, in fact," said Forester, "and that is, that they are most intensely interesting to those who understand them; but nothing

is so disagreeable as to study them when you don't understand them."

"Well, I don't understand," said Marco, "and I hate the sight of arithmetic."

"Yes," said Forester, "there are some minds not capable of understanding the relations of numbers, and perhaps yours may be one. If it is so, it is of no use for you to study arithmetic."

"Yes," said Marco, "I know it 's no use—I told my mother so."

"It 's only a waste of time, and worse, in fact, for it makes you miserable to no purpose."

"Yes, sir," said Marco.

"I should think," continued Forester, "that if your peculiar cast of mind is such, that you are not capable of understanding the relations of numbers, you had better give up the study of arithmetic at once, and attend to something that you can learn."

"Yes," said Marco, "and so I wish you would let me give up arithmetic altogether."

"Very well," said Forester, "I will,—that is, if I find that your mind is one of those which cannot understand the relations of numbers. But we must be sure of that first. I 'll try you a little. Let me think,—what shall I attempt to explain to you? I must try to think of something that you have never had explained to you before. Do you know what the difference is between a prime and a composite number?"

"No, sir," said Marco.

"Very well, I will take that then. I will explain it to you, and we will see whether you are capable of understanding it. A *composite* number is one that is produced by multiplying together two or more *numbers*. All other numbers are primes."

"Well, sir, I don't understand it," said Marco.

"The number *six*, for instance," continued Forester, "is three times two; so that the number six is produced by multiplying three by two. Therefore it is composite. But the number three cannot be produced by multiplying any other two numbers together; so that *three* is a prime number; so *two* is a prime number."

"Why, twice one are two," said Marco.

"Yes," replied Forester; "but in that case you take two itself to multiply, in order to produce two. A composite number is one produced by multiplying two *other* numbers together, not multiplying itself by one other number. Of course, any number multiplied by one will produce itself again."

"Yes," said Marco, "I understand."

"Now what two numbers multiplied together will produce four?" said Forester.

"Twice two are four," replied Marco.

"Yes," said Forester, "and so two and two are the numbers which multiplied together make four. Such numbers are called *factors*. Do you think you can remember the word factor?"

"No, sir," said Marco, "I don't suppose I can. I have n't got a very good memory."

"It is of no consequence," said Forester, "if you do forget it. In fact it is a rather hard word to remember,—factor. One reason why it is hard to remember is, that you do not at first perceive any connexion between its sound and its meaning. Factor. One would not think that the meaning of that word had anything to do with multiplying. It sounds most like *factory;* and the word factory seems to have a totally different meaning. And yet there is really a great analogy between the meanings of the two terms; for factory is a place where things are made, and factor means a maker or a doer."

"Well," said Marco, "and are these numbers makers or doers?"

"Yes," replied Forester, "they are makers of other numbers. Two and three are the makers or factors of six. However, I don't really expect you will remember the word. It is a hard word to remember, and besides, it is a rather hard word to pronounce."

"Factor," said Marco, speaking the word, in order to see whether it could be spoken easily. "I don't think it is very hard to pronounce."

"No," said Forester, "you don't seem to make much difficulty about it. I thought it was rather hard."

Just at this moment, among the vehicles which were passing along the street opposite to them,

appeared a peculiar kind of cart, common in New York, used for transporting merchandise. It was rather small, and was drawn by one horse. It had several stakes in the sides, with chains passing across from one to the other, and a man stood upon it supporting himself by one of the stakes. On the side of the cart was printed this mark, "No. 18." As Forester's eye caught the number, he thought at once that it would help to illustrate his lecture.

"There," said Forester, "there is the number eighteen. That is a composite number; its factors are two and three."

"Two times three are *six*," said Marco.

"Yes," added Forester, "and three times six are eighteen. So we only have to use two and three as factors, though we use three twice. Now if that cart had been nineteen, it would not have had any factors,—or, in other words, it would not have been composite. Nineteen cannot be produced by multiplying any other numbers together, so nineteen is a *prime* number."

"And twenty?" said Marco.

"Twenty," replied Forester, "is composite; its factors are five and two. Two times five are ten, and two times ten are twenty. So that twenty is a composite number; its primes or factors being five and two?"

"Twenty-one?" said Marco.

"It is a composite," said Forester.

"Twenty-two?" said Marco.

"Twenty-two is a composite; its primes are two and eleven."

"Twenty-three?" said Marco.

"Prime," said Forester.

"Twenty-four?" said Marco.

"Composite," said Forester.

"Yes," said Marco, "because twice twelve are twenty-four."

"That is true," said Forester, "but twelve is not a prime. Twelve is six times two. And six is not a prime, for six is three times two; so that if we analyze twenty-four down to its lowest elements, we find its factors or primes to be only three and two. For three times two are six, and two times six are twelve, and two times twelve are twenty-four; so that we only use three and two as factors to produce twenty-four, though we use the two three times. A great many composite numbers can be produced from three and two for factors, by using one or the other, or both of them, several times."

"Now," continued Forester, "can you tell whether ten is a prime or a composite number?"

"Composite," said Marco.

"And what are its factors?" asked Forester.

"Five and two," said Marco.

"Yes," rejoined Forester. "One, two, three, five and seven are the primes up to ten; and four, six, eight and ten are the composite numbers."

"Yes," said Marco, "five primes and four composite numbers."

"That is true. There are more primes than composite numbers at first, but as you go on from ten to one hundred, the composite numbers increase and the primes diminish in frequency. There is a very curious way to find out all the composite numbers."

"How?" said Marco.

"Why, I must explain it to you some other time. We have talked enough about arithmetic now; besides it is hard talking here in the street, the carriages make such a noise. Let us consider what we will do this evening. What is there remarkable in the city, which you can go and show me?"

"Why, my father," replied Marco, "generally takes people to see the City Hall, but I don't think there is much to see. There it is."

So saying, Marco pointed to a very large and splendid marble building, which just began to appear in sight. It was in the midst of an open piece of ground, called the Park, which was adjoining Broadway, and which had a high iron fence all around it, and gravelled walks, and rows of trees running across it in all directions. The spaces between the walks were in grass, and the surface looked very smooth and green. Through and over these trees, they could see the lofty walls of the City Hall, with its windows, its porticoes and piazzas, and a cupola upon the top.

"What is there in the City Hall to see?" said Forester.

"Nothing but just rooms, that I recollect," said Marco. "I should rather go down to the Battery and see the ships."

"Well," said Forester, "after tea we will go down to the Battery."

CHAPTER VI.

THE BATTERY.

It is not at all surprising that Marco recommended going to the Battery, for it is a very pleasant place to take a walk, in an evening in summer. A battery is a kind of fortification. It is generally a sort of platform, on which heavy cannon are placed, to fire balls, shells, and red-hot shot at the enemy.

The Battery in New York was formerly used for this purpose. It is at the lower extremity of the island on which the city is built, at the point where the North and East rivers flow together and form New York harbor. The reason why they formed the battery there, was, that from that place the guns could point towards the harbor, and so be aimed at any enemy's ship which might be coming to do any damage to the town. But in process of time the people concluded that they would have the fortifications farther down, near the mouth of the harbor, on some islands, so that they could keep the enemy from coming even into the harbor; and thus the original battery, at the lower end of the city itself, became of no use.

The piece of ground which had been reserved for a battery, was pretty large; for it was necessary to have room, first, for a wide platform, extending along the shore for a considerable distance, so as to contain a great many guns. In front of this platform, too, there was to be a very thick wall, either of stone, or of earth, with grassed sides, to protect the soldiers who were on the battery to work the guns. There are openings made in the wall, in such cases, to fire through. It was necessary to have the platform very wide, for the guns were long, and mounted on heavy carriages, and they had to be drawn back in order to be loaded. Thus the platform and the wall required considerable space. Then it was necessary to have, besides this, room for buildings called barracks, for the soldiers to live in, and a green field for them to exercise in; so that, altogether, the battery, and what belonged to it, necessarily required a large piece of ground.

Now when the battery was abandoned as a fortification, and the guns moved away to other forts farther down the harbor, they might have opened streets through the place which had been occupied by it, and then have sold the land for houses. But as it was a very pleasant place, open to the cool fresh air of the sea, and with a fine prospect of the harbor, and islands, and shipping before it, they concluded to keep it open for a *promenade*, that is, for a walk and pleasure-ground. So they paved the platform with broad flat stones.

and instead of the thick wall in front, they put up a strong railing. They put a handsome iron fence, too, around the whole ground, and opened gravel walks through it in every direction. They also planted trees on each side of the walks, which have since grown to be very large, and which now make the whole place shady and cool. So that the Battery is a very pleasant place to go to on a summer evening.

The Atlantic hotel, where Forester lodged, was very near the lower end of Broadway, so that it was not far from the Battery. As they came down the steps of the hotel, they saw before them a young woman on the sidewalk, drawing a little carriage with a child in it, holding a straw rattle in one hand and a little whip in the other. By the side of the young woman was a little girl, gaily dressed, and holding a large and slender hoop in her hand. This party moved briskly along before Forester and Marco, the wheels of the little carriage trundling over the broad flat stones of the pavement.

Opposite to them, as they walked along, they saw a small circular piece of ground, enclosed with an iron fence, full of trees within, which Marco told Forester was the Bowling Green.

"I wonder how it happened," said Forester, "that that piece of ground was left in that shape unoccupied."

"For an ornament, sir, I suppose," replied

Marco. "I presume they left it for an ornament to the city,—like Washington Square."

"No," said Forester, "probably not; because, when the streets in this part of the city were laid out, they had not probably begun to think of ornamenting it with open squares. It generally happens that, in large cities, all the open and ornamented places, which are in those parts of the city which were first built, were originally designed for some other purpose, and then were turned into an ornamental purpose afterwards. If we knew the secret history of this Bowling Green, we should probably find that there was something curious about its origin."

"How can we find out?" said Marco.

"We could find out in a library," said Forester.

"How should you find out in a library?" asked Marco.

"Why, I should ask where they kept the books relating to the history of New York, and I should look for some book giving an account of the early settlement of the city; and perhaps there would be in it a map of the city, as it was laid out at first, and there I should look to see how this space is represented. Has n't your father got some books about the early history of New York?"

"I don't know," replied Marco. "He has a great many books in his room, but I don't know what there is in them."

By this time Forester and Marco saw, at a short distance before them, the high iron fence

which enclosed the Battery, and through the palisades they could see the squares of green grass, with broad gravel walks between them—the whole overshadowed by the trees. There was a large iron gate which they had to pass through. At the side of it was a little fruit-stand, tended by an Irish woman, where were displayed oranges, apples, nuts and candy, in great profusion and variety. Marco opened the gate, and held it open for Forester to pass through, and then followed himself. The gate closed of itself, when he left it, with a heavy clanging sound.

A broad gravel walk led from the gate down a gentle descent towards the water. Forester and Marco saw before them, in this walk, a little carriage, standing near a tree, which they recognised as the one which they had observed coming before them on the sidewalk in Broadway. The child had been taken out, and on looking for him, Forester observed that he was running away over the grass, and the young woman who seemed to have charge of him, was running after him. The little rogue trotted along, looking back every moment towards his pursuer, and seemed in high glee,—while the maid followed, shaking her finger at him, and making believe that she was hurrying after him as fast as she could, and saying,—"Ah, I shall catch you, I shall catch you pretty soon." The girl who had come with them, they saw just then advancing up the walk, trundling her hoop. She presently turned aside and stopped, and sat

down upon a seat which happened to be placed there, just within the edge of the grass, on the opposite side of the sidewalk from that where her little brother had gone. There were a great many other groups of children playing in various places upon the grass, or sitting upon the seats under the trees.

Just then a large and very beautiful dog, belonging to a gentleman who was walking at a little distance, came trotting up the walk, and advanced towards the seat where the girl was seated. She was afraid of him. She screamed faintly, and jumped up on the seat, to get out of his way.

"Here, Marco," said Forester, "take my cane, and go and drive that dog away."

So Marco took the cane and ran; but instead of driving the dog away by brandishing Forester's cane, he called to him in a pleasant tone, and went up to him, and patted him on the head. The girl, seeing that the attention of the dog was thus occupied, thought that it would be a good opportunity to make her escape; so she jumped down from the seat, and skipping across the walk, she ran off over the grass, towards her little brother. As she went, she turned round towards Marco, with a countenance expressive of great relief and pleasure, and said, "Thank you."

The dog, after standing a moment to let Marco pat his head, looked up into his face as if wondering who he could be; and then, wheeling around, with a bound he went off full speed in pursuit of

his master. So Marco returned to Forester and gave him his cane again, and they walked along together.

"There," said Forester, "now, to-night, when you are reviewing the events of the day, and considering what good you have done, you can reflect that you have, at least in one case, diminished human suffering."

"Why, cousin," said Marco, "the dog was not going to hurt her."

"He had hurt her already," said Forester.

"Why, no," said Marco, "he had not touched her."

"I know that," said Forester.

"How, then, did he hurt her?" asked Marco.

"He terrified her," said Forester.

"Yes," said Marco, "she looked frightened, I know."

"There, sir," said Marco, pointing off before him. "You observe that we can see the water and the shipping from here, and that 's the reason why I like the Battery."

It was true that there was now opening before them a splendid prospect, and it was not surprising that Marco's attention was attracted to it; for the pathway through which they had been walking, here approached its termination in the broad stone platform, which extended along the shore. This platform, or pavement, is broad enough for a road, though carriages are not allowed to go there. Towards the water-side is a strong railing, with

two bars, so that grown persons can look over the upper one, and children can look under it. The lower bar is to keep children from falling. Beyond the railing the pavement extends a little way, and then a stone wall descends perpendicularly to the water, which dashes incessantly at the foot of it.

This pavement extends for a considerable distance along the shore, with the railing, and a full view of the water on one side of it, and a long line of seats on the other. Beyond the seats are the green plats of grass, divided by the gravel walks and overshaded by the trees; and beyond these, could be seen, through the branches, ranges of lofty buildings, and the openings of various streets, from which issued a confused, thundering sound, produced by the thousands of carriages and carts which were incessantly rolling over the pavements of the city.

There were a great many persons promenading, to and fro, upon the Battery, enjoying the cool air of the evening, for it was now nearly sunset. Forester and Marco took seats upon one of the benches which were placed along the side of the paved walk which was opposite to the water, and looked off upon the harbor. The harbor was a very busy scene. Sloops and schooners were lying about in various positions, at anchor. Some were unfurling their sails, some taking them in. On the North river side was a man-of-war at anchor, with several boats alongside, and a flight of steps leading down to them. They were just

getting into one of the boats. First a great many sailors came down, and took their places on the seats; then two or three officers, who went and sat in the stern. The boat was then pushed off, all the oars of the sailors standing up perpendicularly, like so many masts, until, at length, as soon as the boat was clear of the side of the ship and of the other boats, the ends of all the oars dropped down simultaneously into the water. A moment afterwards they began to move, all exactly together, and the boat began to glide off, and, after turning round in a beautiful curve, it advanced towards the shore.

The attention of Forester and Marco was here attracted by the appearance of a steamboat, which suddenly came ploughing along through the waters from the East river side. There were a great many persons standing upon the promenade deck, under the awning. Forester and Marco watched the columns of black smoke, which poured up from her two chimneys, and the foam which was dashed up by the paddle-wheels, which revolved swiftly, just dipping the float-boards in the water. There was a small sail-boat just before the steamer, and Marco was afraid that she would get run down; but the steamer glided by in safety, on the hither side, so as to cut off the sail-boat from their view.

On the right hand, as Forester and Marco sat, the water view was bounded by a very large and high building, round in its form, and rising ap-

parently out of the water. There was a bridge which led to it from the main land. It was called Castle Garden. Forester asked Marco if he had ever been in it.

"Oh, yes," said Marco, "a great many times It is a strange-looking place inside,—but here comes a boy with oranges. I 'm going to buy one."

Just then a boy came along the walk with a basket of oranges, and offered them to Marco, and Marco bought two, and when the boy went away he offered one to Forester, and the other he began to eat. Forester did not eat his, but held it in his hand and went on talking, and presently he put it into his pocket. Soon after this, they rose from the seat and walked slowly along, until presently Marco's attention was attracted by seeing a dog swimming in the water. A gentleman was walking along upon the paved walk, calling to the dog now and then, and encouraging him to swim along and keep up with him. Many persons were leaning over the railing to see the dog swim. Presently they saw a lady coming with a child. They were talking together in a foreign language.

"Voila le chien," said the lady.

"Oui," said the little child.

"Il n'a pas peur de l'eau," said the lady.

"She 's talking French," said Marco, in a low voice.

"Yes," replied Forester; "do you know what she is saying?"

"No," said Marco. "I studied French a little, but I can't understand them when they talk."

"She tells the child that that dog is not afraid of the water."

"I wish I could understand French," said Marco.

"You began to study it, you say," rejoined Forester.

"Yes, but I did not like it very well."

"You did not expect to like the studying of it, did you?" said Forester.

"Why—I don't know," said Marco.

"The pleasure is not in studying it," replied Forester, "but in understanding it after you have learned it. It is not reasonable to expect boys to like study."

"Don't boys ever like to study?" asked Marco.

"Very seldom," said Forester. "There may be some cases, but they are very rare. The best way is not to expect it of them. Their parents or teachers ought to require them to study, whether they like it or not, and then afterwards, when their knowledge has been attained, they will be glad."

During this conversation, Forester and his cousin had been walking along, and they had now reached that end of the Battery which was towards the North river. They went out through an iron gate, at a place distant from where they had come in, and then turned into a street which led them up towards Broadway. It was one of the by

streets which led to Broadway from the North river. As they were walking along the sidewalk, on a gentle ascent, they saw a lame boy, standing on the walk before them. He had just come out from a high door in a brick wall, which led into a kind of court-yard, where he lived. He leaned on two crutches, one under each arm. His legs looked weak and feeble, as if he could not well bear his weight upon them. There were two great leather patches on his knees, and they looked worn and dusty. He was looking down the street, and his face had an open and smiling expression, as if he was contented and happy.

"See that poor, lame boy," said Forester, in a low voice, to Marco. "I mean to give him my orange."

"Well," said Marco.

So, when they reached the place on the sidewalk where the boy was standing, Forester took out his orange, and handed it to the boy. He took it, and seemed much pleased. He nodded with his head, and said, "Thank you, sir."

After Forester and Marco had got a few steps from him, they looked back, and saw that, at that moment, as he was going to move away, attempting to hold his orange and his crutch both with his hand, he dropped his orange, and it rolled slowly along down the sidewalk. But before Marco had time to run after it, the boy seemed to fall upon the pavement himself, as suddenly as if he had been struck with a blow. His crutches tumbled

down, one on one side, and the other on the other, and away he went, scrambling on his hands and knees down the sidewalk, and dragging his helpless limbs behind him. He soon got his orange, which had been stopped by a lamp-post, and then he crawled up again to his former place, gathered up his crutches, arose, placed them under his arms, and looked up to Forester and Marco with a smile.

"Well done!" said Forester. "I think that boy will make his way through the world, legs or no legs;"—and so saying, he and Marco went on, and met with no farther adventure till they reached the Atlantic Hotel.

CHAPTER VII.

MARCO PERPLEXED.

It was concluded, that evening, that Forester and Marco Paul were to remain in New York one more day, before commencing their journey; and the next morning, about eleven o'clock, Forester being at Mr. Baron's house, found that Mrs. Baron was just going down in town, and she proposed to take Forester and Marco down in the carriage, which was waiting for her at the door. They accepted this invitation. The coach was a great deal more elegant than the omnibus, but Marco said that he preferred the omnibus, because he could see out of it so much better; besides, it was a great deal easier to get in and out.

When they had got down nearly opposite to the Park, Marco suddenly recollected his gymnasium. So he asked his mother to let him get out and show Forester his gymnasium.

"Very well," said his mother, "I am going to stop a few doors below here, and you can come in for me there. You will see where I am by the carriage standing at the door."

So she pulled a cord called a check, to notify the coachman that they wanted to stop, and

he drew up his coach towards the sidewalk. He then descended from his box and opened the door, and Forester and Marco got out. The coachman then closed the door and mounted again, and drove away.

Marco took Forester through a gate in a high wall, when Forester to his surprise found himself ushered into a sort of garden. There were walks and little bowers of trellis work, and seats, the whole overshadowed by trees. On one side there was a row of alcoves, with a little table and three or four chairs in each. They were for persons to take refreshments in. They saw a door leading into a large room where fruits and drinks of various kinds were offered for sale, and there was a great colored placard on a stand at the door, on which were printed, in large capitals, the words "Ice Creams." Marco walked on through the garden, and Forester followed him. They came at length to a door, where Marco entered and led Forester up a flight of stairs, into a large room where there were a great many swings, and balances, and climbing-poles, and ladders. They were arranged in various parts of the room, and there were quite a number of children there exercising upon them. There was a man there to take care of the boys, and a young woman to attend upon the girls. Some of the boys were climbing up ladders, and sliding down upon the top of them by smooth and slender pillars, placed there for the purpose. Some were swinging, and

some turning head over heels on poles placed in a proper position for such evolutions. The girls were swinging or skipping ropes in their part of the apartment.

Forester looked on a moment with an expression of surprise and pleasure on his countenance, and then said,

"Well, Marco, this is a busy scene, indeed. Is this where you come to take exercise?"

"Yes," said Marco, "I come here almost every day."

After a few minutes, Forester said that they must go, or that Mrs. Baron might have to wait for them; but that he should like, if they had time, to spend half an hour there.

"Well," said Marco, "we will go now, only wait and see me come down the mast."

So Marco left Forester, and went to a ladder which led to the top of a sort of mast, which stood in the middle of the room, and began climbing up on the under side of it. He soon reached the top, and sitting there a moment and looking at Forester, he clasped the mast itself with his hands and knees, and slid safely down to the floor. He then returned to Forester, and they went out together by the same way they came.

They found the carriage in which Mrs. Baron had been riding, before a store, a short distance below where they had left it. Forester noticed that the windows of the store were formed of enormous panes of plate glass, and that behind

them were displayed a great variety of shawls, worked collars, boxes of gloves, and other articles of ladies' dress. The store within was very wide and very deep, and there were mahogany counters on each side. Behind the counters were a great many clerks, busily employed in handing down goods and showing them to the ladies who were there shopping. The ladies were in little groups along the counters. Some were standing, and some sitting upon chairs which were rather higher than common chairs, so as to bring the occupant more nearly on a level with the goods upon the counters.

They found Mrs. Baron pretty readily, and she asked Forester to take a seat a few minutes, and then she should be ready to go. When at length she was ready, they all got into the carriage and presently stopped again farther down Broadway. Mrs. Baron said she wanted Forester to go in and take an ice cream. They entered a handsome store, with a counter covered with fruits, cakes, and confectionary of every kind. They passed through this room and went into a saloon behind. There were two or three rows of small marble tables, extending up and down the saloon, with chairs near them, and a great many very handsome paintings hanging against the walls. Mrs. Baron, Forester and Marco, took their seats at one of the tables, and presently a girl came in and brought them three ice creams in tumblers, upon a small waiter, and she placed them upon

the table before them. She then went away, and presently returned with two decanters of water and some glasses. The decanters were all lined on the inside with a thick coating of ice, and the water was within the ice, so that the water was kept constantly very cool. The girl in attendance also brought them some cakes to eat.

They all remained around this table for some time, cooling themselves with the ice cream and cool water, and eating their cakes. At length they went away. Mrs. Baron got into her carriage again and rode off, while Forester and Marco walked on down Broadway towards some bookstores, where Forester said he wanted to buy some books.

As they walked along, after they had passed the Park and the Astor House, a vast hotel which is opposite the Park, they came to a place where the sidewalk widened as it passed in front of a great church,—the church being placed back a little from the range of the other buildings. Here they saw an old man, who appeared very decrepit and feeble, sitting by the way-side. He wore old and tattered clothes, and his eyes looked as if he was blind. He held his hand out in his lap, open, —as if wishing that the persons who passed by would put some money into it.

"See that old beggar man," said Marco. "I 'm going to give him some money."

So Marco took what he called a sixpence out of his pocket and put it into the old man's hand.

The old man bowed his head in acknowledgment of the charity, and then put the money away into his pocket; and Marco and Forester walked along.

"Are there any old beggar men in Vermont?" said Marco.

"No," replied Forester, "I never saw any."

"I suppose Vermont is very different from New York?" said Marco.

"Yes," replied Forester, "totally different.'

"Which do you like the best?" said Marco.

"It is very hard to compare them," said Forester. "In travelling in the country, you see a great many interesting groups and scenes, all picturesque; but totally different from the groups and scenes of the city. Here now, within an hour, we have been suddenly shifted from one scene to another; first your house,—then riding down in the carriage,—then the gymnasium, then the shop, then the saloon, and finally the beggar man sitting on the sidewalk of Broadway. They are all interesting and picturesque, each in its own way, and all characteristic of the city."

"And what kind of things do you see in the country?" said Marco.

"Why, I will tell you. I will describe some things I noticed particularly, as I was coming here. I had to ride about twenty miles in a chaise, before I took the stage, and as my chaise was open, I could see on both sides of the road all that took place."

"Once, as I was riding along, I saw before, two boys coming out of a barn-yard with a yoke of steers, which they were trying to drive. One boy was on each side, holding the steers by the yoke. The steers were running away, and the boys were trying to stop them. One of the bows fell out of the yoke just then, and that let one of the steers loose."

"What is the bow?" said Marco.

"Why, the bow," replied Forester, "is a curved stick, which comes up under the throats of the oxen or steers, and the upper ends of it are passed up through the yoke which goes across their necks above. These ends of the bows must be fastened in with a wooden pin, but sometimes the pin slips out, and the bow falls down, and the ox escapes; and of course his end of the yoke falls down to the ground. The boys stopped the steers and got them together again at the side of the road, just as I came up, and they were trying to yoke up again the one that had got away. The smallest boy was holding up the bow in its place, and the other, who was considerably larger, was trying to put in the pin; but it seems that the small boy did not hold it up quite high enough, for the other called out to him, in a very loud and angry, and very imperious tone,

"'Why don't you hold up that bow, you fool?'

"I looked out at him as I was passing, and said, 'Keep good-natured, my boy; the beauty of breaking steers is to keep good-natured.'"

"What did he say to that?" asked Marco.

"I don't know," replied Forester; "he stared at me very earnestly while I was saying it, but the moment that I finished my sentence, I was just opposite to him, and instantly afterwards the side of my chaise advancing, cut off the whole group from my view, so that I could not even see how he looked."

Marco seemed quite interested in this story, and then he wanted Forester to tell him of some other scenes which were witnessed in travelling in the country.

"A short time after this, as I was going along, I saw a red building by the side of the road, which looked a little like a school-house, but I suppose it was a town-house."

"What is a town-house?" asked Marco.

"It corresponds to the City Hall in New York," replied Forester. "But I will explain that to you some other time. In front of this town-house was a company of soldiers in the road. They were marching towards me in a broad column, which filled up the road entirely. Presently they halted and remained as they were, occupying the whole road. I did not see how I was to get by."

"I would have run over them," said Marco, "if they did n't get out of the way."

"It is not very easy to run over a column of men, armed with bayonets," said Forester.

"Did they have bayonets?" asked Marco.

"Yes," replied Forester. "When I got up pretty near to them, I was just going to stop, but that instant the captain gave some sort of command, which I could not hear, and immediately all the platoons of the company wheeled round in such a way as to form a line along on one side of the road. It was the work of an instant, and the road was clear, and I was riding quietly along behind the backs of the men."

Marco laughed.

"When I had got about half along the line, I heard the captain give his command in a loud voice: '*To the right about*—FACE,'—and instantly every man in the line turned suddenly round, and my horse suddenly started away, as if he thought the soldiers were going to shoot him. A moment more, and I was beyond the line. The side of my chaise cut it off from my view, and the whole gay vision was gone like a lost figure in a kaleidoscope."

"That was good," said Marco; "now tell me another."

"An hour or two afterwards," said Forester, "when evening was coming on, I saw a man before me in the road, coming home from his training; he belonged to another town. He looked rather tired, and he had his gun on his shoulder, and his knapsack on his back. By the side of the road near me, was a small house, back a little way in the field. There was a narrow path leading from the road to the house. The house

was new, and the farm appeared to be near new too, for the fences were made of logs, and there were a great many stumps all over the ground.

"The man turned in opposite the house and began to walk along the little path. Just then a small child came trotting down from the door, saying, pa-pa, pa-pa. As soon as he got near, his father took his gun off his shoulder, and held it down to him to let him help carry it. The little boy took hold of one end of the gun, while his father held the other, though he had to stoop down for the purpose—and so they walked along towards the house. They disappeared from my view just before they reached the step of the door. A moment afterward I was riding alone in the woods, for this house was the house of a new settler, who had just begun his farm, in the midst of the forest."

Here there was a short pause, and at length Marco said, "Can't you think of any more, cousin Forester?"

"Yes," said Forester, "one more. I was coming through a long, muddy place, where it was very difficult to get along, and the horse went very slowly. There were two men walking a short distance before me, with heavy packs upon their backs. They seemed to be travellers, who were making their journey on foot. A short distance before them there was a man in a small wagon, which was also loaded heavily with boxes, and kegs, and bags, which looked as if they were

full of grain. This wagon moved more slowly than the men did, and so the men gradually overtook it. They walked along by the side of it a few steps, and then I saw that the wagoner was pointing into the back of his wagon, as if he was asking them to put their packs in and he would carry them a little way. Presently the men took off their packs and put them in, although the wagon was pretty well loaded before. The muddy ground extended for about a mile, and then there was a hill nearly half a mile long, and we had to walk our horses all that distance, and I could see that the wagoner carried the bundles the whole way. When they reached the top of the hill, where the horses could trot again, the men took out their bundles, and the wagoner drove on. The men thanked him, and said they were finely rested."

"That was a clever fellow," said Marco.

"Yes," replied Forester; "he had different notions on such subjects, from a certain boy I knew once."

"Who was he?" said Marco.

"Why, he was a boy," replied Forester, "who was walking along the street one day, and he saw a poor girl going before him, with a heavy bundle of firewood on her shoulders, and he cut the string and let all down upon the pavement."

Marco was thunderstruck at this unexpected conclusion of the conversation. He looked up into Forester's face, with an expression of mingled

astonishment and guilt. He did not know whether his cousin meant him or not. But as Forester walked straight on, with a countenance entirely composed, and gave no indications of his having intended to expose Marco's guilt by what he said, Marco concluded that he must have referred to some other transaction. Still he could not conceive how two such cases could have occurred. He often thought of this remark of Forester's in the course of the day, and it perplexed him exceedingly.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LONDON PACKET.

In the course of the forenoon, Forester had occasion to go some distance up Broadway to call upon a gentleman whom he wished to see; and so he and Marco got into an omnibus. They found two boys in the omnibus. These boys were dressed in what seemed to Forester a very fantastic manner. There was nobody else in the omnibus. They were looking out at another boy who was upon the sidewalk. One of the boys had on a very singular-looking straw hat; the other had a cap. This last boy called out to the one on the sidewalk, shouting very loud, on account of the thundering noise and din of the street,—"Charley, come and exchange hats with me." "No," said Charley. "Yes," said the boy in the omnibus, laughing, "just for the fun of it."

So Charley brought his cap up to the omnibus window, for the driver had not yet started, and they exchanged caps, and when the driver started along they all laughed very heartily.

"Now," said Forester to the boy, "you 've lost your cap."

"Oh no," said he; "he 's my cousin, and we are going up to his house."

A moment after this incident had occurred, Forester, who was sitting upon the seat, looking at the passengers upon the sidewalk, suddenly said,

"Oh stop; there is Edwards."

He immediately pulled the string, to stop the omnibus, and he told Marco to get out with him, as there was a gentleman whom he wished to see. Forester and Mr. Edwards seemed very glad to meet each other. Marco stood by their side while they were talking, and he perceived at once that they were old friends. Mr. Edwards said that he was going to Europe, and had come to embark on board the London packet, with his sister. He said he was then going down to see the ship, and he invited Forester and Marco to go with him.

Forester accordingly concluded to postpone his call, and to accept of Mr. Edwards's invitation, and they turned their steps down Broadway and walked along together.

The reader must understand that there are lines of packet ships which sail regularly, on stated days, from New York to several of the principal ports of Europe. There is a line of packets to Liverpool, and another to London, and another to Havre, in France. The packets are large and very handsome ships, and they are fitted up to carry passengers, and also such articles of merchandise as are produced in this country, and are to be sent to foreign countries to be sold. These articles are

conveyed to New York by canals, and railroads, and coasting vessels, and there they are put on board the packet ships to be sent to Europe. The great merchants in New York purchase them all over the country and send them away, and order other articles of merchandise, such as are produced or manufactured in England and France, to be sent back in return. The merchandise which the ships carry is called their freight.

Mr. Edwards, Forester and Marco turned off from Broadway down a broad and busy street, called Maiden Lane, and from that into other streets, in which the movement and the din continually increased as they advanced. Carts and drays were going back and forth; the sidewalks were obstructed with boxes, and bales, and heaps of merchandise. In one place Mr. Edwards and Forester had to crowd through a narrow place, among bags of cotton, though Marco ran along upon the tops of them. At last they approached the pier. A pier is a narrow projection, built out into the water from the shore, for ships to land their cargoes upon. In New England it is called a wharf. The whole shore of the North and East rivers, at the lower part of the city, is lined with piers. The space between two piers is called a slip. In Boston such a place is called a dock;—though the wharves and docks of Boston are very much larger than the piers and slips of New York, which may be one reason of the difference of name.

The noise and tumult were here so great, that Forester and Mr. Edwards could no longer converse together; and so they walked on in silence upon the pier, choosing their way around and among horses, and the wheels of carts and trucks, and through crowds of men, of every nation and color. The pier was surrounded and hemmed in by vast ships in double rows, their great black sides rising like walls, ten feet high on every side; so that all prospect of the water was entirely excluded.

Of course there was no getting on board any of the ships without a ladder. The ladder of the packet ship which they wished to visit, was made of a plank, with narrow pieces of wood nailed across it, at regular intervals, for steps. The lower end of this plank rested upon the pier, close to the side of the ship at the bottom, and the other was up level with the top of the side, at the place where they were to go on board. Of course the ship itself would keep persons from falling off on one side of the plank, and there was a strong railing upon the other side. There was a great roller at the bottom of the plank where it rested upon the pier; because, as the ship was floating upon the water, it of course would rise and fall with the tide; and by means of this roller the lower end of the plank moved along one way and the other easily, when the upper end was raised or depressed by the rising and falling of the tide.

Mr. Edwards, Forester, and Marco walked up

this long plank. When they reached the top, they found themselves upon a level with the gunwale, or upper edge of the ship's side ; and down upon the deck, which was about three feet below them, they saw a very busy scene. The three masts, with all the rigging which belonged to them, rose before them in a maze of ropes and spars. Sailors were at work in various places, splicing ropes and coiling them away. Mr. Edwards went down a short flight of steps which led to the deck, and Forester and Marco followed him. There was a very well dressed and gentlemanly looking man, standing near the capstan, and Mr. Edwards walked towards him, saying,

"Good morning, Captain Jones."

He then introduced Forester and Marco to Captain Jones, and the captain invited them all to walk down into the cabin. They entered first into a sort of saloon, built upon the quarter-deck, over the place where the staircase descended into the cabin. This saloon was small, but it was very richly finished, and furnished with a sofa and a handsome table. From this saloon the party descended by a winding staircase to the cabins below.

The first was the gentlemen's cabin. It was a little longer than a common parlor, but not so wide. It was finished in a very elegant style, with polished mahogany and dark spotted maple. On each side was a row of doors leading into the state rooms. In the centre was a long table, extending up and down the cabin. It was the dinner table.

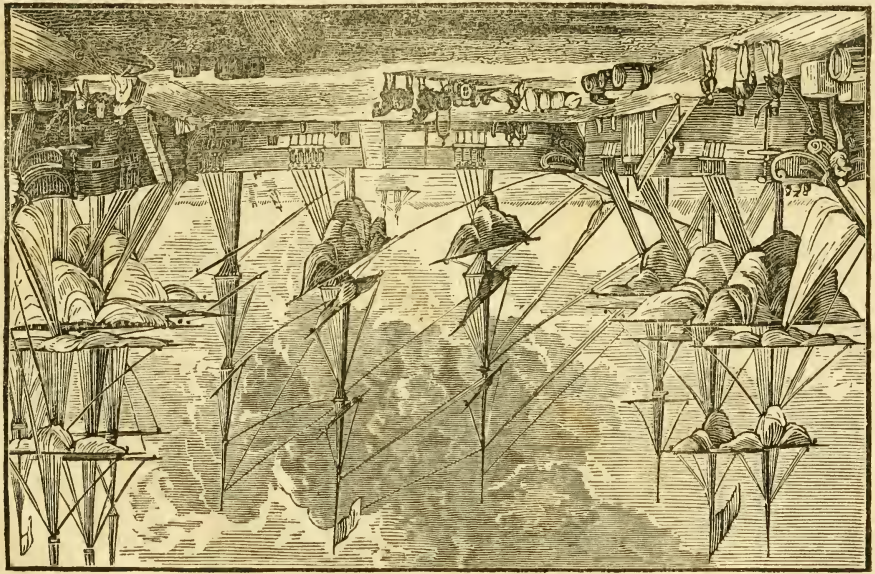
It was made of mahogany, very highly polished, and with a ledge around it, to keep the dinner things from sliding off when the ship was rocked by the waves. They passed along through this room, and at the farther end of it they came to a door, which led into another smaller and still more elegantly furnished apartment, containing sofas, stuffed chairs, one or two handsome tables, and a large mirror. There was a very elegant barometer hanging against the wall, and a timepiece opposite to it on the other side. There was also a large painting of a ship at sea, under full sail. In this room also there were side doors leading into state rooms, and the captain opened one of them, saying,

"This is the one which we marked for Miss Edwards."

They all went into it. It was a small room, not much larger than a large closet. Opposite the door were two berths, or places to sleep in, one above the other. There was a bureau for clothes, a washstand, and one or two chairs. On the curtains of one of the berths, Miss Edwards's name was pinned up, written upon a paper.

Presently they all came out of the state room, and took seats upon the sofas of the ladies' cabin.

"I think you informed me, Captain Jones," said Mr. Edwards, "that it is most probable that you will get away on Saturday; still I suppose there may be a possibility that you will remain until Monday."



"Why—yes," replied Captain Jones, "there is a *possibility;* but we intend now fully to go on Saturday. If we should not, I shall wait until Monday. I never sail on Sunday. But then we fully mean to go on Saturday."

"I think Friday is the regular day," said Mr. Edwards.

"Yes," replied Captain Jones, "so it is; but we must take till Saturday. The truth is, we are in hopes that this steamer coming in may possibly give things a little start."

What Captain Jones meant by this was that he hoped that the news which would come by an English steamship, which was then expected, would give business a start, so that the merchants would be more ready to send out their merchandise. For these packet ships are not owned generally by the merchants that own the merchandise. The merchants hire the owners of the ships to carry the merchandise for them. And so the captain and the owners of the ships always want to get as much freight as they can; for the more freight they carry, the greater pay they get, and so the greater are the profits of the voyage.

"You have not a great deal of freight yet, I presume," said Mr. Edwards.

"No," replied Captain Jones; "freights are very low. It is an unusually bad time for freights,—and they are trying to crowd us down lower still. But then we reason that there is about so much turpentine that must go out,—and they won't dare

to let two or three ships go without taking any. So we are going to be a little obstinate, as well as they. And if they don't come to our terms, why, we shall have to take hold and put in ballast, at the last moment, and work all night for it."

Ballast consists of some heavy substances, as stones or iron, put into the hold or bottom of a ship, when there is no cargo on board; for it is not safe for a ship to go empty to sea. For in such a case, the weight of the masts and rigging, and all the upper parts of the hull, would make her top-heavy, so that she would be in great danger of upsetting. They are therefore obliged to put in some weight at the bottom, for a counterpoise. Any boy can illustrate the necessity of ballast by means of a small tin pail upon the water. A tin pail empty will not float. The upper part being heavy, it falls over directly upon its side, and the water runs in and fills it, and then it sinks. But if you put stones into the tin pail, it makes the bottom heavier, and counterpoises the top; then the pail will remain steady in its upright position, and float all over the pond. Thus it happens that the pail when empty will sink, but when it is loaded it will float; and a great many heavy stones in the bottom of a ship have often been the means of keeping the ship from sinking.

"What weight of ballast is required for your ship, sir?" said Forester.

"Oh—about—three hundred and fifty tons,"

said Captain Jones. "I am not willing to go to sea without the ship's being well in ballast,—they could not *get* me to sea without being well ballasted. That is a point where *I* show a little obstinacy."

After a little more similar conversation, the gentlemen rose to leave the cabin, followed by Marco and the captain. The captain put his hands playfully upon Marco's shoulder, and said,

"Well, my lad, and how should you like to go to sea?"

"Very much indeed," said Marco.

"That's right," said the captain. "You are a fine fellow, I've no doubt. And you make me think of home. I have got a boy of just about your inches, at home."

"Where do your family reside, Captain Jones?" said Forester.

"In Connecticut," replied the captain.

The gentlemen soon after bade the captain good morning, and then they all descended the plank to the pier; and their conversation was soon after interrupted by the noise, and tumult, and intolerable din of the business streets through which they were passing.

As they were walking along upon the Front-street sidewalk, Marco, who was behind, observed that Mr. Edwards and Forester were talking together and hesitating in their walk, as if they were in doubt upon something. Presently they stopped, and Forester told Marco that they were

going to another slip, where there was a Liverpool packet, which was to sail that day, and they were going to see her off. Forester had told Mr. Edwards that he wished very much that he was going to be here on the day when his packet was to sail, as he should like to see her go; then Mr. Edwards told him that there was a Liverpool packet which was going to sail that day, at twelve o'clock; and as it was nearly twelve then, they concluded to go down and see it. This was the conversation which Marco had observed that they were holding before they turned round.

Marco was very glad to go and see the Liverpool packet, and so he followed the two gentlemen, though he could not hear what they said when they spoke to each other, on account of the incessant thundering of the wheels over the pavements. At length they reached another pier, at no great distance from the one where they had seen the London packet, and they found this pier in a state of even greater hubbub than ever. Carriages were crowding down into it, bringing the passengers who were to go out in the ship. There were carts, and drays, and market men bringing fresh meat and vegetables which were to go on board. When our party arrived there, two or three sailors were taking up a crate filled with poultry, all crowded together in confusion. The poor fowls seemed to be in great distress, for the heads which were thrust out through the interstices, exhibited countenances expressive of the greatest alarm and

anxiety. Behind the cart on which these crates of fowls had been brought, there was another large cart, with a cage-like top, which seemed to be waiting for its turn. Marco looked through the bars and saw that it was filled with swine.

The gentlemen found an unoccupied corner, where they could stand a moment in safety until the passage way should be cleared a little, though the noise and uproar were so great, that it was very difficult for them to make each other hear any conversation. Directly opposite to them, on the other side of the pier, was a ship, discharging a cargo of iron, and the bars were run out and made to fall in a heap upon the pier, which noise greatly heightened the general din. Presently Marco saw the cart with the swine advance to its place, as the other moved away. They opened a door behind, and a sailor took one of the hogs by the hind legs which he held over his shoulders, and then went staggering under the heavy load up the plank, the hog's head and fore legs, hanging down his back. Before he was half way up the long ladder, another was coming on the back of another sailor, and it was difficult to tell which sound rose highest above the general noise and uproar of the scene, the terrific squealing of the swine, or the loud clangor of the bars of iron.

At length they contrived to get up the plank, and they found the deck of the ship as busy a scene as the pier. The passengers, ladies, gentlemen and children, were seated about the doors

of the saloon. The decks were covered with trunks, bandboxes, and travelling-bags. In a few minutes after Mr. Edwards and his companions came on board, the order was given to man the capstan, and a number of sailors came with handspikes, which they inserted into square holes, made for the purpose in the capstan, and began to turn it round. There was a rope wound round it below, which, as they turned the capstan round, was wound upon it, and so drawn in. The rope extended along the ship, and at length passed around a little wheel in a block, and then went off towards the shore. It was fastened to a post near the outer end of the pier,—so that by drawing in the rope upon the capstan, the sailors were pulling the ship along outward. Mr. Edwards and Forester saw gentlemen bidding the passengers good-by, and going away over the ship's side; so they concluded it was time for them to go too. They accordingly went up the steps which led to the top of the bulwarks, which are built all around the deck of a ship to protect the deck from the wind and sea, and then they found that the plank had been taken away. So they had to clamber down the side of the ship as well as they could, by means of the fore chains. The fore chains are long links of iron, which may be seen on any picture of a ship, at the foot of the shrouds which are attached to the foremast.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MUSEUM.

It happened that Marco Paul and Forester did not leave the city so soon as they had at first intended. Mr. Baron had proposed that they should leave town the next day after his first conversation with Forester, but on reflection he said that he thought Forester had better stay a few days, and see a little of the city. Forester liked this plan himself very much, as he wanted to see a little more of New York before he left it; and Marco's mother had no objection, as she felt entirely relieved of all care in respect to Marco, now that he was under Forester's charge.

The evening after they had been at the Battery, Marco and Forester were sitting together in an omnibus at the head of Wall street, waiting for the driver to start, to carry them up town to tea. There was a thundering noise and din in the street, so that they could not converse very easily. However, at a moment when it was a little more quiet than usual, Forester said to Marco,

"I like the Battery very much; is n't there something else in New York that you can take me to see?"

"Why,—there 's the Museum," said Marco.

"What Museum?" rejoined Forester.

"There are two, pretty near together, in Broadway, the American Museum, and the New York Museum; I have been to see them both."

After some farther conversation, Forester concluded not to go up town to tea, but to take Marco with him to his hotel, and afterwards to the Museum. Forester told Marco, too, that there was a little boy in company with Mr. Edwards, who had never been in New York before, and he thought that he would like to go with them to the Museum, and that after tea they would go and invite him. This boy's name was William.

The plan thus formed was carried into effect. It was about seven o'clock when they came to the place in Broadway where the Museum was situated. It was just below the Park, on the corner of Broadway and Park Row. The entrance was on Broadway, but the rooms of the Museum extended up Park Row; and when illuminated, in the evening, the long rows of windows make a great display, and attract the attention of strangers who happen to be walking about the lower end of the Park.

As they entered the door, passing through the crowds of people that were walking upon the sidewalk, they heard the notes of martial music from clarinets, trumpets, and trombones, which seemed to be somewhere in the building above them. They passed up a broad flight of stairs. At the

head of the stairs was a little office, with a woman seated in it at a table, to receive the money which was to be paid for admission. Forester paid half a dollar,—a quarter of a dollar, or two shillings as they call it in New York, for himself, and half price each for Marco and William. Then they turned to the left, and went into a large and very long room. Marco, who had often been here before, went in with a careless and unconcerned air, but William seemed to be bewildered and astonished at what was before him.

The room was lined on every side with broad shelves that had glass doors before them. The spaces between the shelves were divided by partitions, and were filled with animals of every form and size. There were tigers, and lions, and leopards; there were alligators, and scorpions, and serpents; monkeys, squirrels, foxes, and a hundred other animals that most boys have never heard of. There was one enormous white bear, with his mouth open, as if he was just ready to bite. These animals were not alive. They were only skins stuffed with straw; but they were all standing up in their natural positions, as if they were alive. There were various curiosities, too, about the room, and in the middle of it were some settees placed here and there for the company to sit upon. In the middle of the room, too, there was a large table with some curious-looking apparatus upon it, and a man standing at it at

work. Forester and the boys walked along to see what he was doing.

He was a glass-blower. Before him, on the table, was a sort of low lamp with a monstrous wick. There was a little pipe, which came from under the table, near the lamp. The end of this pipe was bent towards the flame of the lamp, at a point exactly opposite to it. There was a pair of bellows, made somewhat like blacksmith's bellows, under the table, which the man worked with his feet; and this caused the air to come up constantly through the pipe, and issue out in a little aperture in the end of the pipe which was towards the flame. This blew the flame in the direction away from the man. Instead of rising up, erect from the wick, as the flame of a lamp ordinarily does, it was projected in a long and conical pencil, very regular and beautiful in its form. Such a pipe is called a blowpipe.

The effect of blowing off the flame of a lamp in this way with a blow-pipe, is not only to change the form and position of the flame, but to make it a great deal hotter than it otherwise would be. At the end of the long, slender cone which is formed, the heat is very intense. The man who was at work at the table stood behind it as Forester and the boys approached him, and the lamp was directly before him. The blow-pipe was between him and the lamp, so that it blew the flame from him towards the front of the table. The table was quite high, so that as he stood his arms

could easily rest upon it, and he was holding a long, slender, glass rod in his hands, before the conical flame, in such a manner that the tip of the flame just touched it at a place an inch or two from one end.

Forester and the two boys walked up to watch the process. There was a settee placed before the table, with several ladies upon it, who were also observing the progress of the work. Others were standing near, all silent, and apparently much interested. At the instant when Forester and the boys approached the table, the glass rod had become softened at the point where the flame of the lamp impinged upon it, and the man immediately bent it at right angles. He then moved the rod along a little, and brought another part of it into the flame, and turned it round continually, so as to heat all parts alike. In a moment he bent it again in this second place, thus making three sides of an oblong square. One more bend made the fourth side, and then the workman filed a small notch in the rod and broke it off, and after melting the two ends which came together, he pressed one against the other, and thus he joined them. In this manner he formed out of the glass rod a small frame.

He then took this small frame in one hand, and the remainder of the rod in the other hand, and brought a corner of the frame and an end of the rod into the apex of the flame together. They were very soon melted and joined together. Then

he bent over the glass rod so as to carry it across the frame diagonally, that is, from corner to corner, and he cut it off at the proper length, after he had joined it at both ends. This frame was for the bottom of a little stand, though Forester and the boys did not know it at first. They stood by, and watched the workman with great interest, to see what he was going to make of it. Presently, however, Marco heard the sound of a drum and fife coming down the street, and he went off to look out of the window to see the company of soldiers. William looked to see where he was going, and when he saw him look so earnestly out of the window, he was surprised that he could leave all the wonders of the Museum, to go and see nothing but a company of soldiers, coming down the street. At the same window where Marco was looking out, there was a man with an apron on, looking out, too. He had a singular-shaped tube of brass in his hand, about a foot and a half long. It grew smaller and smaller towards the top, and was bent to one side near the top, and from the opening at the end there was a lamp wick, and a flame. William wondered what it could be.

His curiosity, however, was satisfied very soon; for when the company of soldiers had passed by, the man arose and began to go about the room, lighting the gas lights with this torch-lamp, which he used as a lamp-lighter. He would reach up to one of the gas pipes, over his head, some of

which were hanging down in the middle of the room, and some near the wall, and he would knock a little stop-cock, which kept the gas in during the day, with the end of his brass tube, and so open a passage for the gas; and then he would light it at the jet by means of the little flame, which issued from the end of the tube. So that the end of the tube answered both for a hammer to turn the stop-cocks with, and a match for lighting the gas. It had not become dark in the room, but the gas lights soon gave the apartment a much more light and brilliant appearance than it had before.

When William turned towards the glass-blower again, he found that he was making an upright part for his stand. In a few minutes he fastened the upright part to the oblong frame, and then he carried supports and braces from one part to the other, until he had made a strong and very pretty stand. He ornamented it in various places with little fringes of glass. He made these fringes by melting the end of a small glass rod, and then, on touching the place where he wished to begin the fringe, the melted glass would stick, and when he pulled the rod away a little, the glass would be drawn out into a small thread. Then he would touch the rod again to the glass in another place, at a little distance from the first, and so on, moving the work very rapidly, and touching the melted end of the rod every moment, thus making a fringe formed of little festoons of glass thread.

William, and even Forester himself, were surprised to see how rapidly he could form these little fringes, having, by long practice, acquired great dexterity.

While this process was going on, Marco returned and asked William to go with him, saying, that he would show him an alligator with a great lizard crawling down his throat.

"Well," said William, "only let me see what he is going to make, to put on this stand."

"Oh, he is going to make a bird," said Marco; "I've seen him make them a hundred times."

"Well," said William, "I want to see how he makes a bird."

So they waited a few minutes longer. The glass-blower took a small tube and heated it in the middle, in the flame of the lamp. Then he blew in at one end, and made the glass, in that part which he had melted, swell out into a small ball. Then, while it was still soft, he pulled gently at the two ends of the tube, and elongated the little ball, which made it assume somewhat the shape of the body of a bird. Then he softened the glass again at one end of this elongated ball, and drew out a portion of it still more, and turned it upwards, and thus shaped a bird's neck. Then he melted the little tube off entirely, and formed a bill. Afterwards he put on wings, and a tail, in a very curious manner, and then the bird was finished. A moment afterwards it was mounted

safely on its stand, and William went off with Marco to see the alligator swallowing a lizard.

In the mean time, Forester walked slowly about the room, looking at the strange forms of birds, beasts and fishes which were everywhere around him. In one place he saw several glass birds, ships, and candlesticks, which the glass-blower had made, and which were ready for sale.

A short time after this, Marco proposed to go up stairs.

"What is there to see, up stairs?" said Forester.

"Oh, there are some wax figures, and dioramas; and there is a kind of garden up on top."

"A garden?" repeated William,—"a garden on the top of the house!"

Just as he said this, Marco, who was leading the way, came to the foot of the stairs which led to the upper stories. The boys observed several musicians standing at the window near the foot of the stairs, who were just going to begin to play. They were the same musicians that were playing when the boys came in, though they had been resting a short time, while the boys were looking at the glass-blower. They now were ready to play again, and they turned their instruments towards the windows, so as to throw the sound out into the street, for they wished to allure the passers-by to come into the Museum. They commenced a lively, martial air, which pleased the boys very much indeed; even Forester seemed

to like the music, and they all stopped upon the stairs to listen to it, and waited there until the tune was finished.

Then they went up into the second story of the Museum, where there were several rooms. In one of them were some wax figures,—representations of men and women standing in various attitudes, and with their faces colored like life. They were clothed in splendid dresses, and William gazed upon them with a very serious face, expressive of great astonishment. Forester walked about among them, looking upon them with a sort of smile upon his countenance. As for Marco, he did not seem to care anything about them. He had often seen them before.

Presently they went up to another story, where they found a long room, which, at the first view, seemed to have nothing in it. William soon perceived, however, that there were a great many round glasses set in the wall, about as high as a man's head. They were in pairs, the two glasses of each pair being about two feet apart. The glasses were about half as large round as the crown of a hat. Before William had time to ask what they were for, Marco said to him,

"Come here, William, and I 'll show you Mount Vesuvius."

So Marco led William to one of the pairs of glasses which was pretty near him, and he began to look through one of the glasses himself, and told William to look through the other. These

glasses were about as high from the floor as a man's head, so that the gentlemen and ladies might look into them conveniently. But then there was a step all along the sides of the room, under the glasses, for children to stand upon when they wanted to look. So that by standing upon the step, Marco and William could see very well.

As soon as William put his face to the glass, so as to look through, he saw at once a great extent of country spread out before him. There was the sea, with boats and ships sailing to and fro, in front, and a great burning mountain in the rear. It did not look small, like a picture, but distant and extended, like a real scene. After they had seen Vesuvius enough, they passed along to another glass, and then to others, and they found every view new and beautiful. There was Jerusalem, and Constantinople, and the magnificent palaces of Paris. Forester seemed much pleased with these views. He looked at each one much longer than the boys did. The reason was that he had read about the places and scenes here represented, and took a great interest in studying them in all their parts, and observing how they corresponded with the descriptions which he had read. But to Marco and William they were mere pictures without any particular meaning; so after they had looked at one a moment, off they went to another. Thus they had gone all around the room before Forester had got half way down on one side. Then William wanted to go to the top of the house and see the garden.

CHAPTER X.

EVENING.

From the third story of the Museum Forester and the two boys went up a steep flight of stairs, which conducted them to the top of the house. As soon as they were fairly out, William looked around and said,

"Why, what a curious place!"

"Yes," said Forester, "it is a very curious place indeed."

"There 's no ground in this garden," said William.

"No," said Marco; "did you expect a garden of ground on the top of a house?"

There was indeed no ground; but under their feet was a flooring of plank, which extended every way over a succession of roofs, which seemed to belong to many different buildings. These roofs were, however, all nearly flat, so that the boys walked easily over them, up and down, according to the different slopes. There was a high balustrade all around the edge next the street, and various other balustrades divided one part from another. There was a row of trees, in tubs, near this balustrade, and a great many plants and flowers,

on stands, and in groups, all over the garden. In one place was a little building for refreshments, and in another a square tower with a ladder leading to the top of it, by which the visitors could climb up to get a more extended view. There were also a great many tables all over the roofs, with chairs near them for the company to sit in, while taking their refreshments, and here and there a chimney was to be seen coming up through the roof from the buildings below. William said it was funny to see chimneys growing up in a garden. There were a few parties of ladies and gentlemen walking about, but most of the company was below, for it was not a very pleasant evening to be out in the open air. The air was mild and calm, but the sky was overcast, and some dark clouds were moving along in one quarter of the heavens, which threatened rain.

While Marco and William rambled around, running up and down the steps which led from one part to another, climbing up into the tower, and sitting down at the tables, Forester walked forward and looked over the balustrade. He was more interested in the scene which presented itself to his senses from this point, than by anything he had seen in the Museum below. The Park was spread out before him, with its ranges of lights and ts lofty trees, the tops of which were beneath the .evel of his eye. He could look down into Broadway, fifty feet below him, with its carts, its carriages, its movement, its lights, and its ceaseless

and thundering din. Opposite to him, across the street, was the tall, dark tower of a church, which rose full before him, the body of the church being far below. In every direction all around him, as far as he could see, was a perfect wilderness of roofs and chimneys, and tops of trees, and windows illuminated by the lights within them.

Forester stood for some minutes leaning over the balustrade and looking down upon this scene. At length Marco and William came to the place and stood by his side, looking down over the balustrade into the street below. There was just room for the three to stand between two great flower pots, which were fastened near the top of the balustrade, on the outside. These flower pots were held in their places by iron wires passing round and round them, and fastened to the balustrade.

"What are you looking at?" said Marco. "I don't see anything."

"I see a great city," said Forester, "all spread out before me."

"Oh!" said Marco, "I thought you were looking at something remarkable."

"This city seems a very remarkable phenomenon to me," said Forester.

"A phenomenon," repeated William; "what is that?"

"Why, two hundred years ago," said Forester, "this was all a wilderness. The sea was here, and the land and the rivers. But the land was

rough and uneven, and was covered with forests; and the rivers were solitary and still. At length a ship came along, exploring the coast. The captain came slowly and cautiously up the harbor, to see what he could find."

"Had n't anybody ever been here before?" said Marco.

"No," replied Forester, "I believe not. That is, no *civilized* people. There were some Indians here, living in wigwams in the woods."

"What was the captain's name?" asked Marco.

"Hudson," replied Forester. "That is the reason why the North river is called the Hudson river. It was named for him. He discovered it. When he came up the harbor he did not know that there was a river there. I believe he was looking out for a passage through the land into a great sea beyond. When he found the Hudson river, at first he thought it was a passage through, but after he had sailed up some distance he found it was a river. That is, I *believe* it was so. I never read his journal."

"Did he keep a journal?" said Marco.

"Yes," replied Forester, "I believe he did, and it was afterwards printed. I have heard that it is very interesting indeed, but I never read it."

"Why have n't you read it?" asked Marco.

"Why, I don't know. There are so many interesting things to read and study, that we cannot read all, and I never happened to get hold of

an account of Hudson's voyage. But I wish I had it now."

"I mean to ask my father to let me buy it, to-morrow," said Marco, "at some of the bookstores."

"I do not know that we should find it at the bookstores," replied Forester. "They generally keep at the bookstores only such books as are in demand now,—and this is an old book, and not called for very often, I presume. We might find it in some of the libraries."

"Well," said Marco, "there is a great library up Broadway. My father owns a share."

Forester was glad to see that Marco's interest was so easily awakened in such a subject. In fact, one object which he had in speaking of Hudson's voyage, and the early history of New York, was to see whether Marco could be interested in such inquiries, or whether his mind was one of that shallow cast which could be interested in nothing but play and mischief. From the readiness with which Marco's curiosity was excited in this case, he thought that he should not find much difficulty in interesting him in study, if he managed judiciously, and proceeded in the right way.

"I believe," continued Forester, "that Hudson was disappointed when he found that it was a river, and not a passage through the land, which he had discovered. He thought, perhaps, that it was not much of a discovery to find a river, but it has turned out to be a very great discovery indeed."

"Why so?" said Marco.

"Because," replied Forester, "this river is one of the things which makes New York such a convenient centre of interchange for the whole country. You must understand that three things are necessary to make a place convenient for a great commercial port."

"What are the three things?" asked Marco.

"First," replied Forester, "a sheet of sheltered water, where ships may lie at anchor, safe from storms. Because, wherever the places are at which the productions of the country are to be collected together to be sent away, and the productions of other countries to be received, there must be a great many ships coming and going, and sometimes there will be a great many accumulated, waiting to be loaded, or to be unloaded, or else waiting for a fair wind to sail away. Now it is not safe for ships to be near land much, unless they are entirely surrounded and protected by the land."

"Why not, sir?" said Marco.

"Because," said Forester, "if the wind rises suddenly, and blows towards the land, it dashes the ships against the rocks, or drives them upon the shore. If the wind blows off the shore, then it would do no harm. But it is impossible to tell from what quarter the wind may arise, and therefore it is not safe for ships to be long near land, unless it is in a sheltered piece of water, nearly surrounded by land, so as to be sheltered on every side. Then the ships are safe on whichever

side the wind may be. Such a sheltered sheet of water is called a harbor. New York has a very fine harbor."

"Well, cousin, what is the second thing?"

"The second thing is deep water near the shore, so that the ships can come up and land their goods directly, on the wharf. The water is very deep all along the shores at the lower part of New York, and the ships can come up to the wharves without any difficulty. Sometimes the water is very shallow for a mile or two away from the shore where ships want to land."

"And what do they do in that case?" said Marco.

"Then they have to anchor the ship out where it is deep, and take the goods out, and put them into large, flat-bottomed boats, which can float in over the shallow water. But this makes a great deal of trouble and delay."

"Well," said Marco, "that makes two things; now what is the third?"

"The third thing necessary for a great commercial port, is convenient channels of intercourse with the interior of the country. You see that all the goods from foreign countries, such as cannot be produced here, as tea, coffee, sugar, and oranges, which come into New York in ships, have to be taken into the interior,—and all the productions of this country which are to be sent out to pay for them, have to come down from the interior to New York. Now, if there was a range of lofty

mountains all around New York, so that the merchandise could not easily be carried to and from the city, the harbor and the deep water near the shore would do but little good."

"But there are not any such mountains," said Marco.

"No," replied Forester; "instead of them, there is this North river, very deep and straight, by which the merchandise can be floated up and down. It extends hundreds of miles into the country. Then at the end of it they have made a great canal across the state, several hundred miles farther. At the end of the canal come some lakes,—large lakes, with a great many rivers emptying into them. So that there is a very large extent of country, which can have its products floated along the rivers, lakes and canal, and down the Hudson river, to New York, where the merchants are ready to take it and send it to sea; and the merchandise which they get in return, can be floated into the interior in the same way. When we go up the North river in a steamboat, I expect we shall see a great many ships sailing, some going up, and some coming down, carrying merchandise to and fro."

When Forester had finished these words he held his hand out before him, with the palm upward.

"What are you doing that for?" said Marco.

"I thought I felt a drop of rain on my face," said Forester; "yes, it is beginning to sprinkle, so we had better go down."

Accordingly Forester led the way, and the boys followed him down stairs. They found that a great deal of company had come in, while they were up stairs, and the rooms were full of ladies, gentlemen and children, walking up and down, and looking at the curiosities and at the views. There was quite a little crowd waiting at the door in one of the upper rooms, where there was a placard with these words, "ENTRANCE TO THE LECTURE ROOM," printed upon it.

"Come," said Marco, "let us get near the door before it opens, so that we can get a good seat."

"Get a good seat," said Forester; "why, what is going on here?"

"This is the lecture room," said Marco, "where they are going to have experiments and the *ho-cus po-cus*."

"Why, I did not know anything about that," said Forester.

"Yes," replied Marco; "I 'll go down and get a bill."

"Very well," said Forester, "go."

Marco went off, threading his way between the groups of promenaders, which nearly filled the room, and presently disappeared. Before long he returned with a printed paper in his hand, which he gave to his cousin Forester. On examination, Forester found that the paper contained an account of the various entertainments to be furnished that evening, at the Museum, and among the rest were some performances which were to take place

in the lecture room, to commence at a quarter after eight. These performances consisted of electrical experiments, feats of strength and dexterity, comic songs, &c. Marco said that this would be the best part of it,—but Forester had some doubt about the nature and influence of such performances. He knew very well that some performances of this kind were unexceptionable and proper. In other cases they were improper in their character, and their influence upon young persons injurious. He supposed that those which were announced in the bill which he held in his hand, were very near the line, but he was not enough acquainted with the establishment to know on which side of the line they were likely to fall.

Besides, Forester did not know how long they should be detained if they stayed to see the performances of the lecture room; and he thought that on this account it would not be safe to go in. Marco and William were both very eager to stay, but Forester decided against it, and they were forced to submit.

"They begin at a quarter past eight," said he, "and it will be half past nine or a quarter of ten, I presume, before they get through. That would make us very late home."

"Oh, no," said Marco, "ten o'clock, or half past ten, is n't late at all."

"I must at any rate see William home earlier than that," said Forester; "so we will go now."

He accordingly began to move along towards the stairs. They found a great many persons coming up; as they descended from one story to another, the crowd continually increased. There were a great many persons about the glass-blower, who was at this time making a ship. They stood a few minutes, trying to get a view of his operations, but there were too many persons in the way. The boys could not see at all.

At length Forester said that they would go; so they walked to the head of the staircase, and began to descend the stairs. They found the stairs covered with people coming up. Many of them had cloaks and umbrellas, and their shoulders were wet with drops of rain.

"Why, boys," said Forester, "here we are, caught in the rain!"

When they reached the door they found that it was really raining very fast. It was very dark, too, except so far as the street and sidewalks were illuminated by flashes of light from the lamps on the lamp-posts and in the windows. People were hurrying to and fro, calling out to the omnibusses, or running from one awning to another. For there was an awning spread in front of almost every store, which extended out to the front of the sidewalk. These awnings were chiefly intended as a shade to keep the sun out of the shop doors and windows, but they were very useful in affording a shelter from the rain in showers. Some of the water came through, and fell like a fine

mist upon the passengers, but most of it ran along the slope, and poured down in long streams from the lower edge of the awning.

"We will wait here," said Marco, "till a Broadway omnibus comes along."

There were several omnibusses passing by at this time, but Marco perceived, by a glance, that they were not Broadway omnibusses. One was a Greenwich omnibus, and another was going up the Bowery. Besides, every one was full of passengers, and more passengers were trying to get in.

"No," said Forester, "we will walk down to Wall street, and take an omnibus there. We shall have a better chance to find one which is not full. We can run along under the awnings, and not get wet much."

So Forester and the boys began to go along down Broadway. They walked while under the awnings, and ran while passing through the open space between one awning and another. The street was full of noise and uproar, made chiefly by the wheels of the omnibusses, and the clamor of the drivers, shouting out the name of the street where they were going. In a short time they found an omnibus going up Broadway, and they all got seated in it safely, and without having got much wet. When they got to the place where they had to get out to walk the rest of the way to the house where William was lodging, the shower was almost over. Forester walked along with William, and left Marco to find his way home alone.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HARLEM RAILROAD.

The next morning Forester told Marco that he wanted to take a ride up town, and see how the environs of the city looked in that direction. They were near the Park when Forester said this.

"Well," said Marco, "we can go up in an omnibus or on the railroad; there 's a railroad up the Bowery."

"Is there?" said Forester; "then we will go up the railroad. There is a large map of the whole island hanging up in the reading room of the Clinton Hotel; we will go there and look at it, and see what our route will be, and determine where to stop."

So they walked along across the Park, towards the Clinton Hotel, which was situated in one of the streets very near the Park. The reading room was on the lower floor, and there were one or two large doors leading into it directly from the sidewalk. When they entered, they found themselves in a spacious room, with a large table in the centre covered with newspapers, and chairs and sofas around the sides of the room. At the farther end was a long desk, with inkstand, pens, paper and sandboxes upon it, designed to furnish the boarders of the house with facilities for writing letters home to their friends.

However, the object in which Forester and Marco were most interested in this room, was the map. It hung against the wall, over one end of

a sofa; it was very long, and represented the whole of the island on which New York was situated, together with the adjoining waters. There was the North river on the west side of the island, and the East river on the other side, and the harbor below. The lower end of the island, where the North and East rivers meet, was entirely covered with the streets and squares of the city; and above it the island extended to a great distance, with the fields and groves, and rocky hills, and streams and ponds, all very beautifully represented by very fine engravings. Among these, the various streets and avenues, which were laid out or designed to be laid out, were all drawn; so that Forester and Marco could see, by examining this map, exactly what there was upon the island, and what streets or avenues they must take in order to go to any part which they might wish to visit.

Forester observed that the streets which extended up and down the island from north to south, beyond the city, were called avenues, and were numbered First, Second, Third and Fourth avenues, &c., beginning on the East river side; and that the streets which went *across* the island, at right angles to the avenues, were also numbered First, Second, Third, Fourth, &c., up to very high numbers. He saw that the railroad went up the Bowery, and at the end of the Bowery it entered the Fourth avenue, and then followed the Fourth avenue up to Harlem. Harlem is a small village at the upper end of the island, and the railroad is called the Harlem railroad. At some distance up the railroad, there was the representation of a village, which was called Yorkville on the map. Here the railroad appeared to pass through a deep

cut, and finally to enter a tunnel. A tunnel is a passage cut through a hill, when it is high and rocky. Tunnels are often necessary in constructing railroads.

Besides the deep cut and the tunnel which were at Yorkville, Forester observed that at a little distance on one side, there was a large edifice represented, called on the map a *reservoir*. He did not know exactly what it was, but supposed it must be some curious structure or other; so he and Marco concluded to go up the railroad to Yorkville, and after rambling around there, and seeing the cut, and the tunnel, and the reservoir, and the general appearance of the country, to return by the first train that should come down from Harlem.

Just as Forester had decided upon this, he observed on the map a large enclosure with several buildings represented in it. It was named Bellevue, and the principal buildings were marked Almshouse and Hospital. This enclosure was situated on the shore of the East river, about half way up to Yorkville. The street which was opposite to it on the map was Twenty-seventh street.

"Have you ever been to that almshouse, Marco?" said Forester.

"No," said Marco; "I did not know there was any almshouse there."

Forester took a little book out of his pocket. It was a sort of guide-book, giving some account of New York. He turned to the index and looked for the word Bellevue. He then turned over the leaves of the book to find the place referred to in the index.

He said, "Why Marco, it is a very large establishment. This book says there are eighteen

hundred inmates. That is enough to make quite a little town. I should like to stop and see the almshouse very much."

"Well," said Marco, "we can stop when we get to Twenty-seventh street, and so walk right down to it."

"No," said Forester, "for then we shall lose our passage in the cars."

"No matter," said Marco; "there will be another car along pretty soon."

"I don't know," replied Forester; "that is uncertain. Besides, perhaps we could not get into the almshouse."

"Oh yes, we can get in," said Marco; "I can get a ticket. My father can get us a ticket from the directors. I suppose there are some directors?"

However, Forester thought it best to proceed directly to Yorkville, and so they left the hotel and walked along towards the place where the railroad terminated, on the eastern side of the Park, near the Post Office. Here they saw the rails laid in the middle of the street and extending as far as they could see up the city. At the lower extremity of this railroad there was a car with a horse attached to it.

"Then they don't go with a locomotive on this road?" said Forester.

"No," said Marco, "they always have a horse to draw the cars."

"I might have known," said Forester, "that it would not do to bring a locomotive down into this crowded street; it would frighten the horses, and people would get run over."

Forester and Marco stepped into the car, by a door behind. The car was much larger than an

omnibus, though it was still quite small for a car. There was a door in each end, before and behind, and a little platform before each door. There was an iron staple and pin also at each end, at the edge of each of these platforms, so that the horse could be attached to the car at either end. Thus it was never necessary to turn the car round, as it travelled either way, back and forth upon the rails. There was a little seat for the driver, too, at each end, on one side of the door, which led out upon the platform.

Several persons came and took their places in the car very soon after Marco and Forester got in. Presently the driver came out from a store on one side of the street, and took his place,—and soon after started the horse along.

Pretty soon Marco and Forester went and took their stand upon the platform behind the car, which has already been described. There was an iron railing to keep them from falling off. They stood leaning upon this railing, looking down the street, watching the objects which were continually coming into view, as they were drawn rapidly backwards, by the motion of the car. The rails on which they were riding were laid level with the pavement of the street, so that carriages and carts could pass over them in every direction. Both Forester and Marco were much pleased with the very singular effect produced by being drawn backwards so rapidly, through such a busy street, with new buildings and new objects of interest coming all the time swiftly into view, close upon each side of them.

They rode on in this way for some time, until they got out of the dense part of the city. At length the car stopped before a small building by

the side of the street. There were various open lots of land near, which were covered with green grass.

"What have they stopped for, I wonder?" said Forester. He looked around the corner of the car, and found that the horse was going away. The man drove him round to the end where Marco and Forester had been standing, and fastened him there by means of the iron pin. It looked as if he was going to drive back again down into the city.

"Is this Yorkville?" said Forester to the driver.

"Oh no," said the man; "Yorkville is away up, a great way farther."

"And are you not going up there?" asked Forester.

"No," said the man; "I do not go any farther than Twenty-seventh street. You take the steam cars from here."

"Oh!" said Forester; "when do they go?"

"In about half an hour," said the man.

So Marco and Forester stepped down from the platform, and walked towards the little building, which they found was an office. There was a large yard behind the office, which was enclosed by a high fence. In this yard there was a locomotive, with the top of the smoke-pipe appearing above the fence.

"Then we have to stay here half an hour," said Marco.

"Yes," said Forester; "but did n't he say that this was Twenty-seventh street?"

"I believe he did," said Marco.

"Then," replied Forester, "we are exactly opposite the almshouse; and if we had two hours,

instead of half an hour, we could go down and see it."

"At any rate," said Marco, "we can go down and see how it looks outside."

"Very well," said Forester, "let us go."

So they turned out of the Fourth avenue into Twenty-seventh street, and walked along towards the East river. As they had come up in the Fourth avenue, they had to go across the other avenues which were between them and the East river. At length they came to the end of Twenty-seventh street, where it terminated at the wall which surrounded the enclosure of the almshouse and hospital. This wall extended to a great distance each way; and opposite Twenty-seventh street, where they approached it, there were large gates, intended, apparently, to admit carriages and teams within the enclosure. These gates were shut; and they were very high, and also close in their structure, so that Forester and Marco could neither see through them nor over them.

By the side of these large gates was a small gate, and inside the wall there was a small building. They could see the roof and chimneys of the building over the wall. Over the small gate there was a placard on which were painted the words, "*No admittance on Sunday.*"

"That looks," said Forester, "as if people might go in on other days."

"Yes," said Marco.

Just at that moment two women came along to the small gate, and opened it, and went in. It was a door, in fact, rather than a gate,—a sort of door in the wall, and it had a latch by which it was kept shut. As soon as the women had disap-

peared, Forester observed that there was a small square hole in the top of this gate or door. He went up and looked through it. Marco went with him, but the hole was too high for Marco to look through.

"What do you see, cousin Forester?" said Marco.

Forester did not answer, but turned round and began to walk away, Marco following him. After he had gone a very few steps, he said, in a low tone,

"I saw a man sitting at a large, open window. That building seems to be a sort of office, and there is a large, open window in it, and a man sitting at it, as if he had some business to transact with the comers and goers. I think it probable that if we had time, we might go in and ask that man, and he would let us go in and see the almshouse."

"Well," said Marco, "let us go."

"We will not stop now," said Forester; "we must go back to the railroad office, or we shall lose our ride to Yorkville."

When they got back to the office, they found a very long car on the rails in front of it, with very curious diamond-shaped windows. When they got into the car, Marco was very much amused at the singular way in which these diagonal windows opened and shut. Presently they began to hear a hissing sound from the engine, in the yard behind the office, as if they were getting it ready. In a short time the engine came trundling out on a curved railway, which issued from the yard; and it turned and went up the street a long distance, as if it was going away without them. Before long, however, it stopped, and then came

backing down towards them; it did not, however, return into the yard, for while it had gone up they shifted the rail at the place where the railway from the yard came into the railway on the street, so as to cause the locomotive, instead of running back into the yard, to run straight down to the car in which Marco and Forester were sitting. They then connected the locomotive with the car by an iron link, and the car, with its load of passengers, was soon rapidly trundling along the road. The buildings became less and less frequent, and instead of them Forester and Marco observed great vacant squares, some of which were smooth and green, and others broken by banks and heaps of gravel.

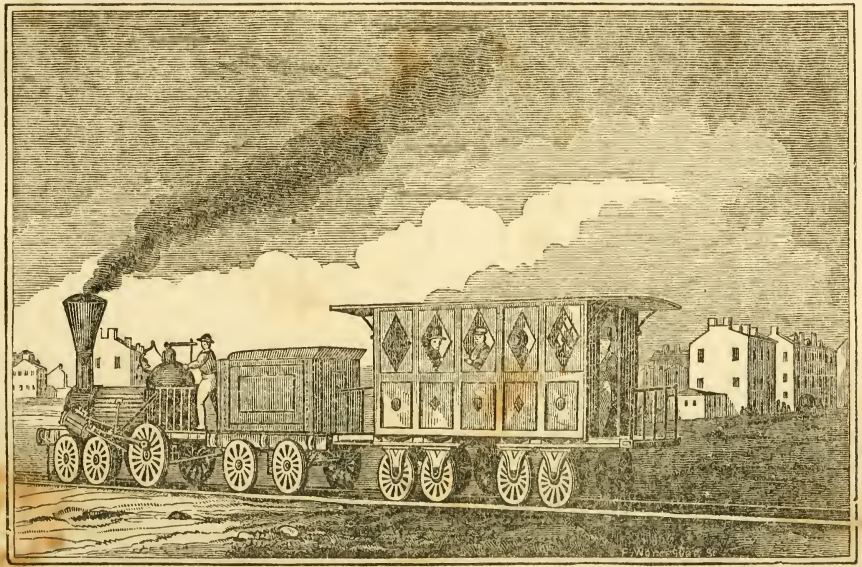
After a time the conductor came along to collect the fares of his passengers. Forester had to pay a shilling for himself, and sixpence for Marco; for Marco, being a boy was allowed to go for half price. There were a great many other passengers in the car, among the rest some children, so small that they were allowed to go for nothing.

At length Marco, looking out of the window, observed that the road seemed to be running along between two stone walls. The land on each side was higher than the road.

"I rather think," said Forester, "that we are coming into the cut."

"Is this the cut?" said Marco; and so saying, he began to put his head out through one of the windows; but Forester told him that it was dangerous to put his head out of the window.

Marco had immediate proof that Forester's caution was wise, for the instant after the words were spoken another engine, coming the other way, came hissing by the windows with inconceivable



velocity, drawing with it a train of two or three cars, which were going down to the city. This train was moving on another track, parallel to the one on which Forester and Marco were going. There was a double track all the way from Harlem to the city, so that some cars could be going up and other cars coming down at the same time, without interfering with each other.

The height of the stone walls on each side of the road was now rapidly increasing, so that very soon Marco could not see the top of them, as they were very near to the track on either side. Presently they passed under a bridge, which led from the wall on one side to that on the other. A moment afterward Marco heard the engine bell beginning to ring, and he perceived that the engine itself was slackening its pace. The conductor also came in, at the front of the car, and said, "Passengers for Yorkville."

"Here is Yorkville then," said Forester.

So he and Marco went to the door behind, and as soon as the car had stopped, they stepped out upon a wooden platform, which was laid by the side of the road. In a moment the bell struck again, the engine gave a puff and began to move, and away it went along through the narrow cut, and under a bridge, which passed across it at a short distance above the place where Marco and Forester had been left. They found that the walls on each side of the road where they were standing, were very high; there was a broad, wooden staircase which led to the top. They went up, and found themselves in the midst of a pleasant little village. The houses were few and small, but they were ornamented with piazzas and neat white palings in front, and the yards were shaded

with trees and shrubbery. At a distance around these were green fields and hills, and some of the eminences were crowned with very handsome buildings.

"Is this Yorkville?" said Forester.

"I do n't know," said Marco.

"I should have thought," said Forester, "that you would have been up here before this time."

"I did not know there was any such place," said Marco.

"Let us go and take a view from the bridge," said Forester.

When they reached the bridge, they found that there was a very pleasant prospect from it, in both directions. On one side they could look down towards the city, the railroad, with its four lines of rails, extending as far as they could see, the rails, like four dark lines, converging almost to a point in the distance. On the other side they looked along a deep cut, the banks of which grew higher and higher, until they terminated at the tunnel. The commencement of the tunnel was a round opening, leading into a rocky hill, like the entrance into a cavern.

Forester then sent Marco to a house of entertainment, which was not far from the bridge, to inquire when the next train would come down from Harlem. He learned that it would be more than an hour; so they took their walk to the reservoir, and at the end of the hour they went back and waited upon the platform until the train from Harlem came along, and took them in; and thus they returned to the city.

CHAPTER XII.

COMING TO AN UNDERSTANDING.

An incident occurred on the last day that Forester and Marco spent in the city, which made each of them better acquainted with the other, in some important respects, than they had been before. It was as follows:

Forester was to dine at Mr. Baron's, at four o'clock, and then he was to take the boat at seven, to go up the North river. This arrangement was made in the morning, at twelve o'clock, when Forester called to bid Mrs. Baron good-by, and to ask to have Marco sent down to the boat at six o'clock. But instead of allowing him to bid them good-by at that time, Mrs. Baron insisted upon his coming to dine with them, saying that after dinner she would send them both to the boat in a carriage together.

Marco was standing by at this time, listening to the conversation. After making the arrangement with Forester, she put her hand upon Marco's head, and said, "And then, Marco, you are really going. I am afraid I shall miss you sadly when you are gone."

"Why, mother," said Marco, "you have said a great many times that I am only a trouble to you."

"Have I?" said his mother. "I ought not to speak exactly so, ought I? But you know you do trouble me sometimes, Marco."

"Oh no, mother," said Marco, "it is you that trouble me."

Marco laughed as he said this, intending what he said as only a playful remark, without designing anything disrespectful to his mother.

Now Marco, as is often the case with boys of his age, happened to have a tooth which was growing out of its place, there being another tooth in the way, which ought to have been taken out, in order to make room for the new one.

But Marco would not have the tooth taken out. The case had often been a subject of discussion between him and his mother. She had tried to persuade him by all the arguments she could use. She represented to him how frightfully he would look when he was a young man, with a tooth growing out of its place, and looking like a tusk: but Marco was much more sensitive to the present pain of having a tooth extracted, to make room for the one which was growing irregularly, than he was to the future and remote advantage of being a good-looking young man.

His mother had next tried bribes, or rather promised rewards, which she said she would give him, if he would have the tooth extracted. She offered him a new rocking-horse, but he said he did n't want any more rocking-horses. Then she offered him a flagelet; he said he did not know how to play on a flagelet, but that if she would get him a drum,—a real, good drum,—perhaps he would have it out.

"Oh, Marco,—a drum!" said his mother. "I cannot possibly have a drum in the house. Is not there anything else but a drum?"

Marco said he would not have his tooth out for anything but a drum, and there the negotiation had ended, a few days before Forester came.

Now, as Marco smiled in the conversation given above, his mother happened to observe this tooth again.

"O, now, there is that tooth," said she. "I wish, Forester, you would contrive some way to persuade Marco to have that tooth taken out. Open your mouth, Marco, and let cousin Forester look at it. I don't know but I should be willing to let you have a drum, rather than not have it taken out before you go away." Marco opened his mouth, and Forester examined the case.

"*That* seems to be the tooth," said he, "that ought to come out."

"Yes," said his mother, "and I wish we could get it out."

"Very well, madam," said Forester, "I will have it taken out if you wish."

"But Marco won't consent," said his mother. "I have tried every possible way to persuade him, but perhaps you can persuade him. I don't believe it would hurt him much, do you, cousin Forester?"

"It might," said Forester. "It has always hurt me a good deal when I have had a tooth extracted. However, I will have it taken out if you wish."

"But how can you, unless Marco will consent?"

"I should have it taken out without his consent," said Forester.

"How could you manage it?" said Mrs. Baron.

"I don't know, precisely," said Forester, "but I should certainly have it effected if you wish it."

"Well," said Mrs. Baron, "we put him under your charge, and you must manage as you think best."

Nothing more was said upon the subject at this time, and soon afterwards Forester left the house

and went down in town to his hotel, to finish making preparations for his journey.

About two o'clock he rang at the door of a large and handsome house, not far from the Park. A colored man opened the door.

"Is the doctor in?" said Forester.

"Yes, sir," said the servant, and throwing the door open, he invited Forester to walk in.

He ushered Forester into a parlor, large and handsomely furnished. There was a table in the centre of the room, covered with costly books and engravings. The servant asked Forester to take a seat there for a moment, until the doctor should be disengaged. Forester took his seat in a very large elbow chair covered with brown morocco, which was standing near the table, and began to look at the engravings. There was another parlor connected with the one in which Forester was sitting by folding doors. One of the folding doors was shut, but through the other Forester could hear voices in the room beyond. In a few minutes, however, the conversation there ceased. Some person appeared to go out, and the doctor himself appeared through the folding doors. He bowed very politely to Forester, saying, "Walk in this way, sir, if you please."

Forester followed him into the other room. There was a large arm chair, and near it a circular marble stand, the centre of which was formed into a basin. On the other side of the chair was a cabinet of drawers, containing various instruments for operations upon the teeth.

As Forester entered the room he said to the doctor,

"I do not wish to detain you now, sir, but only to make an appointment to bring you a patient this afternoon, if it is convenient."

"Certainly, sir," said the dentist, with a bow.

"The case is rather a difficult one, sir," said Forester. "I don't know whether you will be able to manage it."

"I don't know how that may be," said the dentist, with a smile; "we have managed some pretty difficult cases heretofore."

"It is a case of extraction," said Forester.

"Yes, sir," said the dentist. "And what leads you to expect any particular difficulty?"

"Why, sir, the fact is," said Forester, "that the patient is a young lad, and not very tractable; and the difficulty which I apprehend is, not in the extraction of the tooth, but in getting the mouth open."

"Oh!—ah!—yes, sir—I understand," said the dentist.

"I don't know whether you undertake cases of that kind," said Forester.

"Yes, sir," said the dentist, with a smile. "We generally prefer that the patient should open the mouth himself, but if there is any difficulty in that respect, we have the means of overcoming it; though it will not be quite so pleasant, you understand, for the young gentleman himself, as if we were favored with his voluntary co-operation."

"I suppose not," said Forester; "but that we cannot help. What time shall we call?"

"What hour will suit your convenience, sir?" said the dentist.

Forester named six o'clock, and the dentist, after looking at his tablets to see what his engagements were in the afternoon, said that he would be ready to wait upon him at that time. Then Forester bade the gentleman good morning, and went away.

At dinner Forester said that he should like to leave Mr. Baron's in the carriage at half past five. Mrs. Baron said that that was an hour earlier than was necessary.

"For the boat," said she, "leaves at seven, does it not?—and half an hour will be time enough to drive down."

"True," said Forester, "but I have some business to attend to on the way; and then, besides, I want to be on board at least half an hour before the boat goes."

"Half an hour!" said Mrs. Baron; "why, what can you do all that time?"

"Why, I wish to get our baggage safely put away before the confusion commences; and after that I want to have time to sit down upon the promenade deck and enjoy the spectacle."

"The spectacle!" said Mrs. Baron; "what spectacle?"

"The spectacle of a North river steamboat embarkation," said Forester.

"Do you call that a spectacle, cousin Forester?" said Mrs. Baron.

"Yes," said Forester; "and a very interesting one it is, too,—to me."

Mrs. Baron made no farther objection to Forester's going at the hour which he had named. The carriage was ordered accordingly, and when it came, Marco's trunk was carried out and put on before, under the seat of the driver. Mrs. Baron gave Marco a great many charges to be a good boy, and to obey his cousin Forester in all things. Forester was glad to have these charges given, though he was well aware that if he expected to exercise any real authority over Marco, it would be necessary that he should lay a foundation for

it himself, much more solid and sure than the influence of such injunctions from his mother.

At length Marco bade his father and mother good-by. Mrs. Baron charged Forester to be sure and let them know if he was sick at any time, and to write as often as he could. Mr. Baron said that he should like to have Forester advise him once a month, regularly, in regard to Marco's health and progress in his studies. Then Forester and Marco got into the carriage and drove away.

They turned out of Broadway into one of the intersecting streets near the Park, and stopped at the door of the dentist.

Forester asked the coachman to ring at the door.

"What 's here?" said Marco.

"I have to go in here, a few minutes," said Forester, "and I want you to go in with me."

At this moment the coachman, having rung the door bell, opened the carriage door and let down the steps for Marco and Forester to get out; and just as they got out and were crossing the sidewalk, the servant opened the house door, and Marco followed Forester directly in. It was Forester's plan to have the door open before he and Marco should get upon the steps of it, and that was the reason why he directed the coachman to pull the bell before he let them out of the carriage. The reason why Forester formed this plan was, that the name of the doctor and the word "DENTIST" was upon the door, in gilded letters, under a glass plate,—and Forester was afraid that Marco, if he saw these words upon the door, might refuse to go in. Though he was fully resolved to employ force, so far as it might be necessary, to accomplish the object, he wished to avoid having any difficulty on the public sidewalk.

Forester and Marco were ushered into the front parlor. A moment afterwards the dentist appeared at the folding doors, and asked them to walk into the other room.

"Take a seat there, Marco," said Forester, pointing to the great chair.

Marco was very much surprised, but he obeyed instinctively. He gazed around the room a moment, and perceived at once that it was a dentist's apartment, and he looked upon the array of instruments upon the cabinet, in dismay.

"Come, my brave lad," said the dentist, "open your mouth and let us look at that tooth that is to come out."

"No," said Marco, "I 'm not going to have it out." So saying, he set his teeth together firmly, and began to move from the chair.

"You will want some assistance, sir," said Forester to the dentist.

"Yes, sir," said the dentist, "we are all ready." So saying, he went to the door of an adjoining room, and made a signal. Immediately two young men came into the room, with a polite but resolute air. They were the dentist's students.

The dentist opened one of the drawers of his cabinet, looking at Marco while he did it, and saying in a pleasant tone of voice, "Now, my lad, I have got some instruments here, by which, with the help of these gentlemen," pointing to the students, "I can open any mouth that ever was shut; but then, after all, though my instruments are excellent,—very excellent,—still, you can open your mouth more easily without them than I can with them."

"Yes, Marco," said Forester, "the tooth must come out, and it will be a great deal better for

you, and pleasanter for us all, if you will submit to it without making any difficulty."

There was a moment's pause after this, during which Marco had time to reflect that resistance on his part was utterly idle, and he at once resolved that, since he must submit, he would submit like a man. So he walked directly to the chair, took his seat, put his feet upon the upper step of a cricket, four stories high, which was placed there to receive them, and opened his mouth wide.

"That is the tooth, sir," said Forester, pointing.

"Yes, sir," said the dentist.

In less than a minute the instrument was applied, the tooth was extracted, and Marco was released from the chair.

"Did it hurt you much, Marco?" said Forester.

"Yes," said Marco, "some; but I don't care for that."

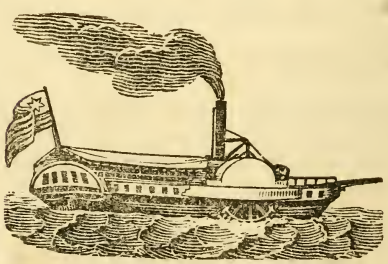
"He 's a brave fellow, after all," said the dentist.

Forester paid the bill, and bade the dentist good afternoon; and then he and Marco went out by a side door into the entry, while the dentist went to call another patient, through the folding doors, from the front parlor.

By this incident, Marco and Forester, as has already been said, became better acquainted, each with the other, than they had been before. Forester learned that Marco, though insubordinate and unmanageable under a lax government, was very easily to be brought under control by an efficient and resolute hand; and Marco learned that, though Forester was very unassuming and gentle in his manners, he was going to be firm and decisive in his government. He was con-

vinced, once for all, that it would be utterly useless for him in future to attempt to resist his cousin's will. He liked him the better for this, as those who must be under authority are always better pleased to have the authority decided and firm.

So Marco and Forester returned to the carriage, and rode down Broadway, towards the steamboat landing, at the foot of Courtland street, better pleased with each other than they had ever been before, and so pursued their journey, and took passage on board the steamboat



North America.